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Jacques Leclerc

The

The Sketch

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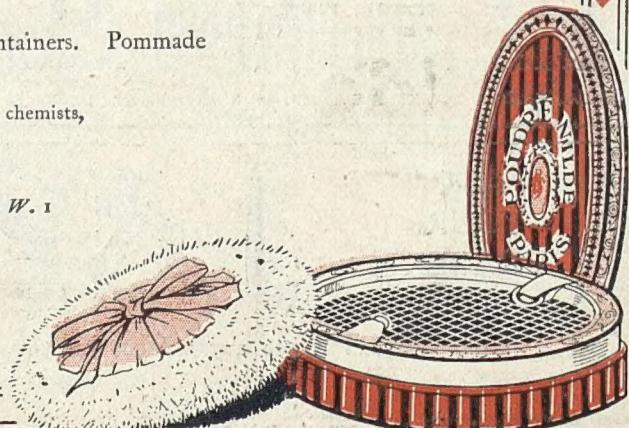
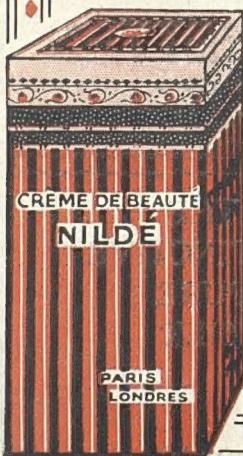
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THE SKETCH

No. 1466 — Vol. CXIII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.



THE BEAUTIFUL AUTHOR OF A ROMANTIC NOVEL: BARONESS ALEXANDRA GIRARD DE SOUCANTON.

Baroness Alexandra Girard de Soucanton is the author of "Towards the Heights," a romantic novel recently published. She is a very beautiful woman, and well known in Parisian and London Society.

Photograph by Fåbergé.



“INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY — GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND...”

BY KEBLE HOWARD (“Chicot.”)

**Britain's
Strangest
Possession.**

If you were asked, friend the reader, to name Britain's strangest possession, would you be able to do it? The chances are that you would not. You would flush painfully, and crumble your bread, and try to slide under the table. But I, on the other hand, should do none of those things, because I know the answer to the question. I have been educating myself on the subject by reading a series of articles in the *Cape Argus*, forwarded to me by a Cape correspondent, whom herewith I cordially thank.

Britain's strangest possession is a small island called Tristan da Cunha. There are so many strange things about this island, and so many strange things not about it, that one scarcely knows where to begin. I will plunge headlong into the business, therefore, and inform you that there is no doctor on this island, and no illness.

Pray don't mistake me. I have no wish to imply that the presence of a doctor results in illness. They don't *need* a doctor on Tristan da Cunha. They are never ill except after a visit from a ship, and then the inhabitants have colds.

Here is another strange thing. Their favourite amusement is dancing, but the only dance they know is the waltz. So they stay up all night and waltz to the strains of a concertina and a violin.

**How to Get
There.** As you will probably want to visit

this island forthwith, I may tell you that you will have to go to Cape Town and wait for a ship. You may have to wait at Cape Town six months or a year, because ships don't visit Tristan da Cunha for fun. The British Navy sends a ship every now and then, and a sailing-ship may be blown out of its course and hit the island. For the rest, the inhabitants have to be content with their own society.

Whatever they may die of eventually, they don't bore each other into an early grave. Most of them live to a hundred or thereabouts. Mr. Thomas Hill Swain, for example, who hailed from Sussex, and distinguished himself by catching Nelson when he fell at Trafalgar, lived to the age of 108. At the present moment there is a lady on the island, one Betty Cotton, who is 92 and still unmarried. She had her chances, of course, but it is now thought that her admirers are wasting their time. Betty will not yield.

In 1919 the population was 111, and there had been only eight deaths in eight years. Can you mention any health resort in Great Britain with such a low death-rate? I feel sure that there is a wonderful future in store for Tristan da Cunha when the steam-ship service has been slightly improved.

**No Call for
Pussyfoot.**

Mr. Johnson, the human rabbit, will perhaps be sorry to hear that he is not required on Tristan da Cunha. There is no alcoholic drink on the island.

When the inhabitants want to make really merry—on dance nights, for example—they get to work on their favourite beverage, which they call “scouse.” This wild refreshment is our old friend egg-and-milk. A few glasses of “scouse” apiece, and they will waltz till they drop, even though the concertina and violin have had to abandon the rostrum from sheer fatigue.

For more solid sustenance, they eat puddings made in the shape of cannon-balls, and, according to the grumblers at the local club, of practically the same resistance.

Apart from dancing, the chief sport of the island is rat-hunting. A well-intentioned ship left some rats there about fifty years ago, and the missionary of the period urged the inhabitants to kill these rats whilst there was yet time. But the inhabitants knew better. They realised that Tristan da Cunha was too perfect for earthly habitation. It needed a plague of some sort, and a plague of rats seemed to them the very thing to keep up their martial spirits. There are now millions of rats, so hunting is cheap and good. Nothing, you see, has been left undone by the Urban Council that can be done.



ONE OF THE ATTRACTIONS AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM :
MISS MAUD ALLAN, THE WELL-KNOWN DANCER.

Miss Maud Allan is one of the principal attractions at the London Palladium, which always provides such excellent programmes. Her return to town after a prolonged world tour is something of an artistic event, and she is giving various dances from her répertoire, as well as the four dances from the “Ballet Egyptien” (Luigini).

“The Glamour of Manchester.” Another correspondent, evidently intrigued by my expression of affection for large cities, has sent me a jolly, cheery little book entitled “The Glamour of Manchester.” The author is presumably a Manchester man, and the book has been printed and published in Manchester. A few extracts from the table of contents will enable you to decide whether you will order the volume from your librarian—

“Drink and Insolence at Peterloo.

“George Fox is Stoned in the Market Place.

“Father Vaux is Hunted Out.

“Dickens is Inspired on Oysters and Champagne.

“George Stephenson is Hissed on Liverpool Road.

“Lord Clive leaves Manchester and Cuts his Throat.

“In Piccadilly John Dalton endures.

“Charlotte Brontë has Days of Misery by Oxford Road.

“At Rochdale Lord Byron is very Bored.”

And one gem from the Epilogue: “On this night, writing the last page, I am beginning to realise what I have done. ‘Was it worth the trouble? Who am I that I should lose money on an attempt to get juice from a cinder?’ Poor Manchester! And I have had some good times there, too!

Waltzing and Wedding: Mürren and St. Margaret's.



WALTZING ON THE ICE AT MÜRREN: MISS WHITEHOUSE AND MR. LINDLEY.



A WEDDING CORTÈGE IN BUTTERCUP-YELLOW: BRIDESMAIDS AND TRAIN-BEARERS AT THE WILLIAMS-GLYN WEDDING.



GUESTS AT THE WILLIAMS-GLYN WEDDING: MRS. LLOYD GEORGE AND MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. MARGARET'S: SIR RHYS WILLIAMS, BT., M.P., AND HIS BRIDE, MISS JULIET GLYN.

Our page shows a graceful moment in the ice-waltzing activities of Miss Whitehouse and Mr. Lindley at Mürren, and also pictures the Williams-Glyn wedding, which took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and was an important social event. Mrs. Elinor Glyn was unavoidably prevented from attending the wedding of her younger daughter, as she is detained

in America by illness, so the bride was given away by Colonel Geoffrey Carr-Glyn. She was followed by five bridesmaids and two train-bearers in buttercup-yellow taffeta dresses with petal skirts and wreaths of spring flowers in their hair. After the reception, held at Mrs. Graham Singer's house, Sir Rhys and Lady Williams left for Barton Abbey, South Wales.

Photographs by Bassano, B.I., and G.P.U.



HOUSES and babies are what we talk about nowadays, Mariegold tells me.

"It's one or other from everybody you meet. 'We've got a baby,' or 'We've got a house.' Sometimes it's 'We haven't got a house,' or 'We haven't got a baby'—but that's the exception in this prolific year. Piers Legh and his young wife have got one—a house, and a very handsome one—in Norfolk Square.

"He's the Prince's Equerry—an Equerry on the jump these days, for he looks after the hunting, and the mounts, and sometimes he asks himself, I'm told, if he's quite well enough up in first aid. The Prince rides hard, and doesn't trouble about grief ahead.

"Lady Agnes Peel has got one—a baby. She married the Hon. George Peel fourteen years ago. And that reminds me. I have been congratulating two friends of mine who have just become mothers for the first time—one after being married fourteen years and the other twelve. And do you know the odd thing that one of them told me? This year, she says, is full of events of the kind. The lioness at the 'Zoo' that cubs every fourteen years has been similarly favoured. Is that going to make a new superstition? Anyway, the babies are being named accordingly—one Una and the other Leontine."

"Lady Millicent Hawes is coming over to England in the near future to be with her daughter-in-law

1. Kitten and her cousin Pussie Prattle have become extraordinarily affluent of late. They are able to appear in the new long frocks without waiting, as Angela does, to see if they are really coming in. (But Aunt Babsie says she will never wear one—they make one appear so elderly!)

Lady Alastair Leveson-Gower for a family event. If it's a boy, he will be in the running for the Sutherland Dukedom, you know. Lord Alastair is still heir-presumptive; and, in spite of an 'if' or two, the chances are not so very remote.

"The Duke and Duchess themselves have, I hear, put in a good deal of dancing at Cairo on their way to the jungle. I fancy two or three dancing frocks got packed in with the mosquito-nets and sleeping-bags when they left for the Soudan. But by now they and the Maidstones, who are exploring with them, have got right away from Cairo.

"Ciro's, Cairo—that was the address a gay young traveller left behind her the other day. Very swank and up to date, I told her. Ciro's in Cairo has only been open for a week or two.

The season there, from all accounts, is as gay and pre-war as one could wish. Of course they danced at Shepheard's all during the war and last season; but a real dance club is a novelty, and the London jazz band which plays there is one of the very best.

"And, to get back to houses, Jenny—I beg pardon, Lady Randolph Churchill—has sold her house in Berkeley Square. A quick deal, of something nearer forty thou. than thirty, and she has gone back to the Westbourne region—until she pounces again. I heard about it all the other night at the theatre, where she was beaming—with Mr. Porch at her side. She is still introducing him! It's been going on ever since the marriage, and the friends never come to an end.

"She sold her house to Mr. Ford—not the American. But it has the sound, and will keep Mr. Selfridge in countenance when he moves in, and when Gunter's begins to wait on him for orders for wedding-cake and those tip-top chocolates.

More About Mariegold

"The old and pleasant anomaly of Gunter's in that ineffably distinguished square" is Max's phrase for the posh bun-shop. Now he's beating about for new labels—Lansdowne Passage, with the steps at the end, is to be called Selfridge Rise, they say."

"Some people get credited with adventures in houses when they don't deserve it. Lord Ludlow, for instance. I read that one of you society merchants met him outside his recently acquired new domicile, Bath House." Well, we danced there last year at Lady Ludlow's invitation, and Lord Ludlow has been at Bath House since he married Lady Wernher in 1919."

"Berkeley Square nearly got lived in the other day by another American, Mrs. Corrigan, of New York, only the houses available after Mr. Selfridge had his pick were not quite good enough for her. The best isn't quite good enough for her, you know, with her acres of millions.

"She is, to Londoners, another Mrs. Corrie. You remember how all the penniless Marchionesses and decayed Duchesses feted her? She had the talents of a talented chorus girl and the fortunes of the Steel Trust behind her, and she was taken into the fond arms of English Society.

"Well, you have somewhat the same spectacle now with Mrs. Corrigan, who in fortune, though in nothing else, resembles Mrs. Corrie. She finds London very hospitable. She also finds that lots of English people have things to sell—houses, antiques, and the like. Some of us are apt to blush for our countrywomen when millions arrive like this. And Mrs. Corrigan is so nice and naive, and she doesn't smoke. That describes her, for anybody who knows America: enormously rich, and not yet reconciled to the idea of a cigarette."

A great shot, a man of the world—decidedly a man of the world, and the things that are in it—Sir Rhys Williams looked very young for his years at St. Margaret's last Thursday. He and his girlish bride had an exquisite afternoon for their wedding.

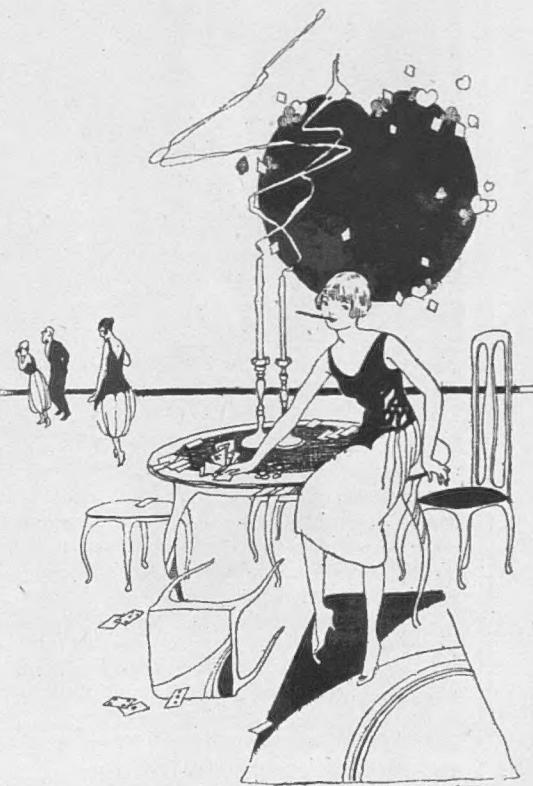
"The old lady—she is old enough not to mind being called that—was one of the striking figures of the occasion. I mean his mother, whom Sir Rhys has never failed, in all the clash of work and pleasure that has made up his life. I always like to think of him, even when I meet him in the easy luxury of Charles Street, as the man who is always ready to tramp twenty miles with a gun, or to turn down a London party for the company of that devoted mother of his."

The second Glyn wedding will take place after Easter.

"So you're waiting till Lent is over?" said a friend.

"Yes, three weeks," answered the Glyn girl.

"A dinner party intended to be the occasion of a reunion between Winston Churchill and Emir Feisul was planned by an ambitious hostess a week or two ago. What hopes! All her guests turned up, save only two. The others came to look on; but at the last moment



2. And then it is discovered that Kitten and Pussie are holding private bridge classes for beginners. Of course they play for money: it makes the pupils more keen upon the game.

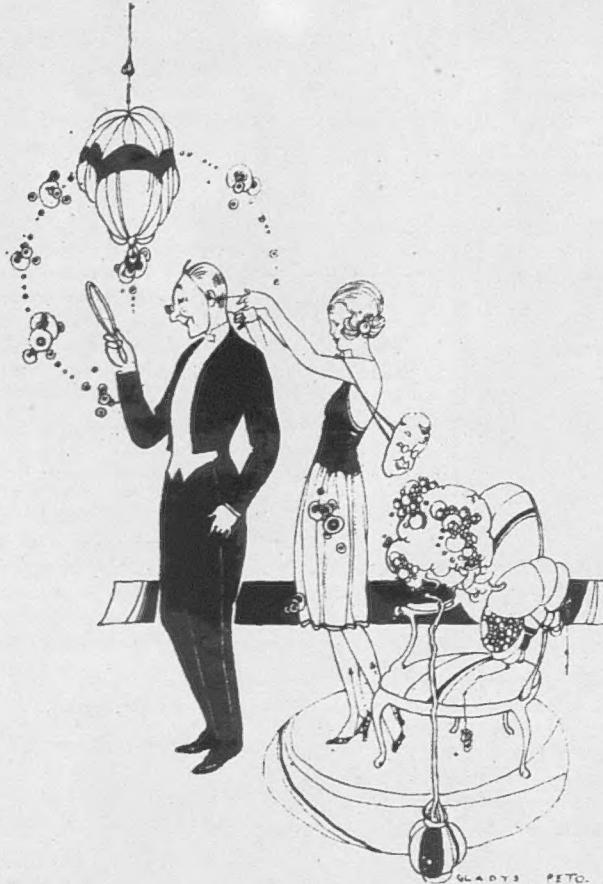
Feisul backed out and Winston backed out—each because the other was going to be there!

"Was that the night Feisul supped at the Criterion?" I asked.

"Oh, no, he had some better excuse than the Criterion, of course. And so had Winston. But whatever the excuse, the hostess took it to mean that they did not feel like deciding the destiny of nations over her rose-bowl."

"Lent has not put the kybosh on the dance clubs. The Embassy still has a congregation that rivals Farm Street's for smartness!"

Moreover, the Londonderry House set has been very fairly constant to London during these many weeks of Riviera absenteeism, and



3. Algy and Angela, who with all their faults can play bridge, disguise themselves with masks (representing The Really Simple), and off they go to a bridge class.

Mrs. Dudley Ward, too, has been faithful. She might have danced all down the line from Cannes to Monte Carlo and Mentone, and from Mentone to Bordighera and back again, but she has preferred her own little circle in town.

"So, too, with the Prince. He has danced quite a number of dances this Lent. He was at Lord and Lady Pembroke's dance a little while back. A small dance, but how can a dance be too small? Several musicians and one partner is a recipe that still holds."

"When the Season and the Courts come, what about skirts?" That, says Mariegold, is a question perplexing the mothers of daughters who have never yet worn, and hardly ever seen, a long dress.

"They are beginning to get married in short skirts, but that's nothing. The problem is how to curtsey in a short one."

"You may have read Ethel Smyth's amusing description of Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugenie curtseying to each other in a doorway at Balmoral, neither willing to take precedence. Very dignified, although rather funny. But in modern dresses it would have been undignified and funny."

"The machinery of curtseying has always, up to date, been hidden. In a curtsey the body doesn't bend—it's all done by folding the legs in a manner not intended to be seen. If you saw the works, it would not be at all pretty—oh, not at all, I tell you."

"One felt rather virtuous to turn out for a bout of Racine's Alexandrines. They took one back to the time when one was finishing one's education at a convent school, don't you know. One said them for prizes on exhibition day, to a congregation of nuns and French parents. How different at the Pavilion with Nelson Keys to lead off, instead of a few words from the Reverend Mother; and the Duchess of Rutland and Lady Tree, and Iris, now Mrs.

Curtis Moffatt, with her wonderful burnished bobbed hair, for audience—instead of those excessively proper purple-and-black *mères et pères*.

"Well, first of all, you had Nelson Keys in his sneezing senility—very funny indeed. Then Racine. Then more revue."

"It reminded me of the story of the first performance of 'Andromaque,' when a Racine comedy was given immediately after. An old French magistrate, not very used to theatreland, complimented Racine afterwards on 'Andromaque.' 'Sir, at first you made me cry,' he said; 'but the amusing things that happen in the last part made me laugh!'

"Amusing things happened in the last part of the Pavilion show, too, but we will spare Racine our compliments, eh?"

"Mme. de Saint-Aulaire was there with her daughters, as much interested, it seemed to me, in the Pavilion audience as the Pavilion audience was interested in Mme. de Saint-Aulaire."

"I repeat her name, to help to establish the right spelling. It is not 'de St.-Aulaire,' neither is it 'de Sainte-Aulaire.'"

The last American mail brought a letter for Mariegold from John Drinkwater, from the Hotel Schuyler, New York. He writes, "I have gotten, as they say here, a beautiful pair of the Lovelaces, 1649 and 1659."

He has been meeting Clare Sheridan, too, at dinner; but Mariegold judges that the Lovelace news is the event that stirs him most at the time of writing.

It needs a little explaining. The Lovelaces are books he had searched England for, sometimes with Mariegold's help—first editions of that exquisite lyric poet.

"Queer, isn't it," says Mariegold, "that we should go in vain to Quaritch for them—that one should have to go to America for our old English books?"

Other letters that I have been privileged to see are Indian letters from the Duke of Connaught. He is well satisfied with his new life.

Although it has been said many times over—every week or so—that Viscountess Furness had safely arrived on the Riviera, she was really still in England until a few days ago.

It had, of course, been her intention to get abroad long before now, but her illness made the journey impossible; and even in

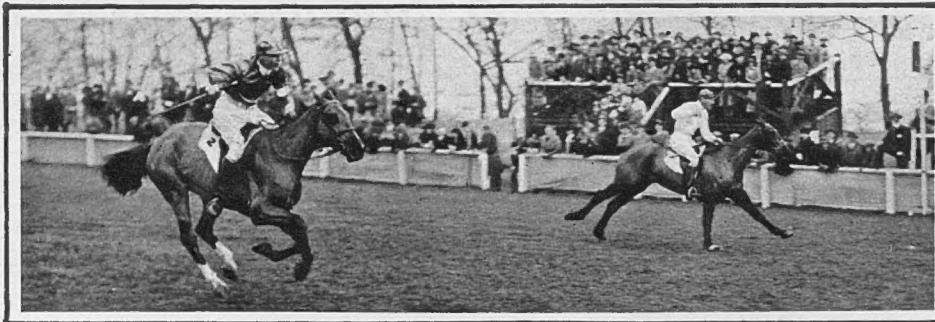


4. With the most disastrous results for Kitten and Pussie.

convalescence she shirked the fatigues of trains. Last week Viscount Furness solved the problem by calling for her in his yacht *Sapphire*.

He brought it round from the Mediterranean and picked his wife up at Southampton. They sailed on one of those perfect days before the rain came—one of those mild days with an early-morning mist and an after-breakfast sun.

Under Ideal Conditions: The Cambridge 'Chases.



WON BY MR. S. SANFORD ON CAROLINA SUNSHINE FROM LORD FOLKESTONE:
THE FINISH OF THE POLO PONY RACE.



AT LUNCH: MR. B. GRAYSON'S PARTY—MRS. A. R. RAWLINSON, MISS E. WALL, MR. B. GRAYSON,
MISS I. WALL, AND MR. H. ELLIOTT.



WINNER OF THE RED COAT RACE:
THE HON. A. E. CUBITT.



CHATTING WITH FRIENDS IN THE PADDOCK: LORD FOLKESTONE.

The Cambridge University Steeplechases were held at Cottenham under ideal conditions, and on the second day the attendance was very large, as some 1400 people were present. Our photographs show Mr. S. Sanford winning the Polo Pony Race on Carolina Sunshine, from Lord Folkestone, son of the Earl of Radnor, on Begum, and also give some snap-shots of well-known people present.



WATCHING THE RACES WITH HER SON, MR. GIBBS: LADY GIBBS.

Mr. B. Grayson is the son of Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P.; and the Hon. A. E. Cubitt, who won the Red Coat Race with Bally Hardy, and the Cottenham Challenge Cup with Harold, is the second son of Lord Ashcombe. Mr. Gibbs, who is seen with his mother, was second with his Dorothy in the Red Coat Race, which was one of the events of the first day.—[Photographs by I.B. and S. and G.]

The Twickenham Tussle: Naval and Military Rugger.



AS SEEN IN ADVANCE BY OUR CARICATURIST: SOME MEMBERS OF THE RIVAL TEAMS.

Our Artist does not have too easy a time when he sets out to caricature members of Rugger teams in advance—but he does his best! He has pictured some well-known personalities from the lists of the players from whom the teams representing the Navy and Army were chosen.

The match was fixed to take place at Twickenham on Saturday, the 26th, and, as it is always one of the best of the big Rugger matches, naturally attracted a special measure of attention from everyone interested in football.



WE have all lived before. Some of us very much so. For example, the President of the French Republic can be read about, not only in current newspapers, but in chronicles of the time of Louis XIV. He was Louis XIV. He was also Marguerite of Navarre. Incidentally, M. Millerand was Rubens; and *en passant*, as one might say, Charles IX. There are other stages on the tortuous route by which he has arrived at his present high position, which enables him not only to make new Marshals, like Napoleon — Lyautey, Fayolle, and Franchet d'Espérey — but to imprint chaste kisses on the cheeks of the Queen of Queens when M. Carême comes round.

Yes, I know that paragraph is a frightful hotch-potch. But it is really not my fault. It is the fault of Marguerite Volf (France has never decided whether there is a "W" in the alphabet or not, and so the letter "V" is often used where "W" seems called for). Anyhow, the lady herself is rich in lives. She has many more than the proverbial cat. What is worse, she attributes to each of us a multiplicity of existences. She is now the pet of Paris. She is a seer, a prophetess, a medium who sees visions and looks between the ivory gates. There is a religious side to her special powers on which I will not, having a horror of blasphemy, touch. But some of her secrets have been made public property. The things that are going to happen make one's hair (assuming one possesses a certain amount of hair) stand on end. Still, we have had people who see into the future before. There is nothing much in that. What is really interesting Paris is that she can see into the past!

Take the case of Debussy. Little do you think, when you hear a delightful *morceau* of Debussy played, that Debussy was once Mozart. He was also Michael Angelo. After that he was Peter the Great. Further, he was Catherine the Second. In earlier days he was Julian the Apostate. I will not enumerate all his rôles, which include those of a Chaldean musician, and a Syrian poet, and an Egyptian general. For one man, Debussy probably holds the record.

Just as you take a taxi to the theatre, so she takes a vibratory wave of ether and visits the planets. She converses with Homer and Plutarch. At the present moment, though interest in these persons runs high, there is, however, even more interest taken in Yvonne Beclu. Yvonne Beclu is the *Reine des Reines*. She comes from the thirteenth *arrondissement*. Thirteen is notoriously a lucky number. Once upon a time it was unlucky. But we have changed all that. Queen Yvonne this week will reign over Paris from the height of her gorgeous triumphal car.

Every year there is a battle royal between blondes and brunettes in Paris. Scientists claim that we are growing fairer. You would

not have thought so had you seen the flashing eyes and the jet-black hair of the twenty-one Queens—one for each *arrondissement*, and one for the show people who go from *arrondissement* to *arrondissement*—out of whom was chosen the Queen of Queens. There were not, I think, more than two blondes among them. The dark beauty is still the prevailing type of Parisienne. Still, it was a difficult business to choose who was the most beautiful where all were beautiful. One was tempted to vote for a blonde just because her beauty is rarer. As a fact, one of the two blondes, Suzanne Hahn, was asked to be Maid of Honour.

It is not a *midinette* who is queen. It is a typist. That fact is significant, is it not, of the changing conditions of Paris life? A few years ago there would have been no typists to choose. Now the girl clerks easily outnumber the girl dressmakers. Out of the candidates, six were typists, and only three employed in fashion houses! However, the blonde who is Maid of Honour comes from one of the famous *maisons de la mode*.

I observe that everybody is now talking of the wonderful Russian entertainment known as the Chauve-Souris of Nikita Balieff, at the Théâtre Fémina in the Champs-Elysées. It is time they did. Never has fame been so belated. The Chauve-Souris performance is the most delightful and refreshing show in the French capital. M. Balieff is a genius. He gives us a remarkable blend of ballet, poetry, drama, music, mimicry, and painting. Why should we always speak palely of those things that please us most? It is bad taste in these days to be enthusiastic. For my part, I am unblushingly guilty of bad taste, for I think that there has never been so artistic a programme put before the French public.

It is impossible to describe it here, because it falls into no known scheme of things theatrical. There is an old Russian song, sung by soldiers in a dimly lit mess-room. There is a wonderful little dance on a sort of Guignol stage—the quaintest dance ever conceived. There is a series of *tableaux*, representing the ornamented lids of ancient snuff-boxes. There are some satirical photographic poses. There are the weirdest paintings, with holes for the heads of singers. There are dresses and *décor* by Soudeikine, which outdo anything to which the Russians have accustomed us. Sèvres

porcelain, Chinese lacquer-work, grotesque toys—these are the "arrangements" that Balieff likes best for his scenes. Whatever the decoration, whatever the subject, it is executed with the very perfection of art.

Think how everything is linked up in this world! Had there been no Russian revolution, Balieff would probably still be carrying on his little artistic club in Moscow, and we should have been deprived of an exquisite pleasure!

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

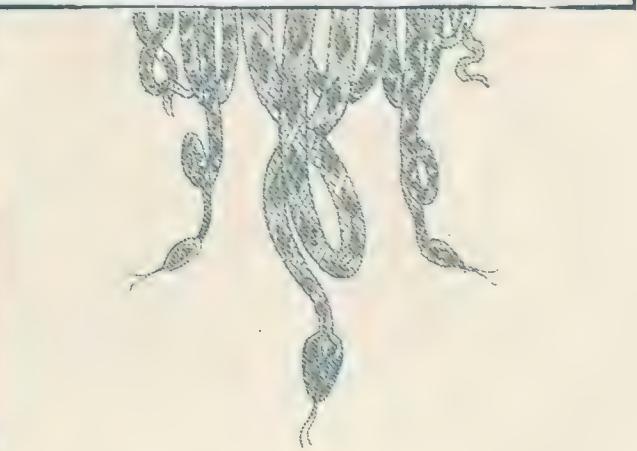
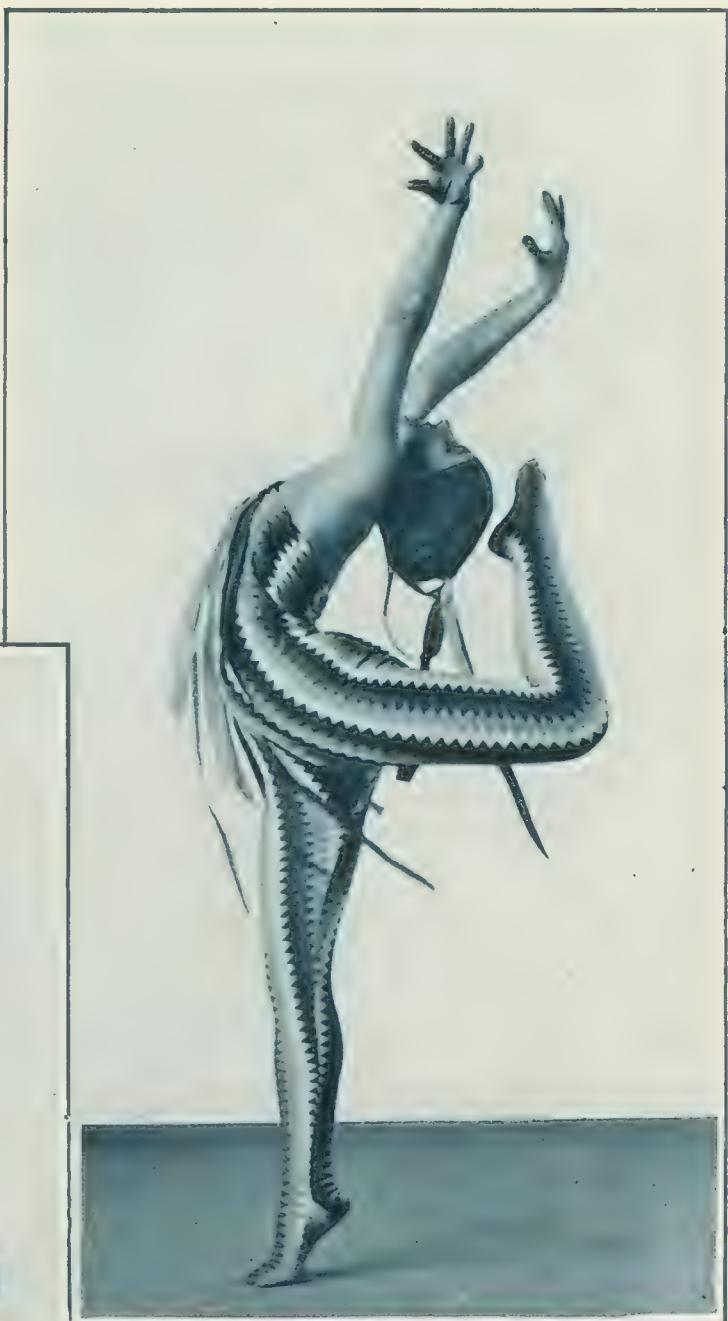


THE NEW SPRING SILHOUETTE: A DARING MODEL FROM PARIS.

This highly original and daring silhouette is the latest thing in the Parisian world of dress. It has been launched by Périon.

Photograph by Seebiger.

Scales at a Scala: The Snakiest Snake-Woman Ever.



SEEN IN BERLIN: Mlle. ANNIE GERZER IN HER SNAKE DANCE.

Miss Annie Gerzer's Snake Dance is one of the most wonderful performances ever given, and has been creating a great sensation at the Scala Theatre, Berlin. Her make-up expresses the very spirit of

serpentine charm and repellent attraction, and the strange snaky fascination of her dance is admirably conveyed by our photographs. She is admittedly the snakiest snake-woman ever seen.—[Photographs by A. Stipe.]

The Marrying of Elinor Glyn's Two Daughters.



THE AUTHOR OF "THREE WEEKS," ETC.: MRS. ELINOR GLYN.



ENGAGED TO SIR EDWARD DAVSON:
MISS MARGOT GLYN, O.B.E.



FORMERLY MISS JULIET GLYN: LADY WILLIAMS, WIFE
OF SIR RHYS WILLIAMS, BT., M.P.

Last week, the marriage of one of Mrs. Elinor Glyn's daughters—Miss Juliet Glyn—to Sir Rhys Williams, Bt., M.P., was celebrated at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the announcement of the approaching marriage of the other, Miss Margot Glyn, O.B.E., to Sir Edward Davson

The marriage of Miss Juliet Glyn, younger daughter of Mrs. Elinor Glyn and of the late Clayton Glyn, to Sir Rhys Williams, Bt., M.P., was a very pretty affair. The bride was followed by five bridesmaids—the Hon. Flavia Giffard, the Hon. Elizabeth Montagu, Miss R. Rankin, and Miss Mary and Miss Janie Glass-Hope; and two train-bearers—Hugo Chisenhale-Marsh and Esba Bell.

was made. The Williams—Glyn wedding was an important social event, and the bride wore a lovely wedding-gown of white crêpe beauté, given to her by her aunt, Lady Duff-Gordon, and a Russian head-dress of orange-blossom.—[*Camera Portraits by Hugh Cecil, Bassano, and Ella Malcolm.*]

A New Peeress of the United Kingdom.



THE WIFE OF THE SECOND BARON: LADY TERRINGTON.

Lady Terrington is the wife of the second Lord Terrington, who has just succeeded his father, the first Baron, whose death occurred last month. She was married in 1918, and is the widow of Mr. Guy Ivo

Sebright, only son of Sir Guy Thomas Sebright, twelfth Baronet. This charming portrait of the new peeress is a reproduction from a picture by Mrs. Blakeney Ward.

From the Portrait by Mrs. Blakeney Ward.

"Sunbeams out of Cucumbers"

"He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers."

—GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

I CANNOT help wishing that the good old fairy-tales were true to life, especially the illustrations where kings and queens walk in public places wearing their robes and crowns. Cannes is so full of royalties and ex-royalties at present, that one spends one's time either in elbowing a Grand Duke at the Casino, or in poaching a King's tennis-balls at the Carlton Club. I saw the Grand Duke Michael being scowled at by a young Jewess who was in a hurry to get through the turning doors at the Casino. I saw her face nearly burst a moment later when a bevy of English ladies smiled and bobbed to him. I watched her with glee for the rest of the evening, following him about, curtseying obsequiously at odd intervals, in an obvious endeavour to impress him with the fact that her *lèse-majesté* had been unintentional.

The ex-King of Portugal, unattended and happy, eager only to play first-class tennis, looks so surprised if anyone recognises his rank by even the least suspicion of bended knee.

that if you happen to be the kind of person who instinctively behaves as you would that others behaved unto you, you "Sir" him as little as possible, and just describe every game between Colonel Kingscote and Gordon Lowe at the Nice Tournament. And when you have finished, you turn suddenly, to find yourself, perhaps, face to face with Princess Alice and her husband, the Earl of Athlone, our own Queen's younger brother, renowned for their good spirits and thorough appreciation of all things modern; Princess Alice more than ever attractive-looking this year, in very French clothes. And, lest you grow forgetful that Royalty demands reverence, you are reminded of your childhood's awe by a stately encounter with the Grand Duke Cyril—tall, straight, pale, and so dignified, that even after a quite conventional

presentation, you can never be quite certain whether you have been punctilious enough. And then you remember Russia and all that the House of Romanoff has suffered, and you stand very still and hope that your soul will speak to his in the silence. And your sympathy is even deeper when you hear that, amongst other tragedies, he himself went down with his ship, and was only saved by a miracle. And your disgust is complete in the evening when you come across the reputed *maîtresse* of Lenin playing baccarat, her flaming red hair adorned with some precious stones worthy of a reigning potentate; her fat arms bulging through bracelets of fabulous price; her thousands of louis attracting, apparently, other thousands. Most of all you wonder why she dares to come to France, and you wish it were England, so that you could exert every nerve and sinew and all your mind in having her expelled. And while your loathing grows to despondency, you hear a cheerful laugh, and see Lady Glanusk, the personification of health and humour, and someone is telling her that it is very difficult to give a party at Cannes this year, as every other person you meet has just been divorced, and all the principals are scattered among the hotels. According to where your sympathy is focussed, you join in the common exclamation: "What shocking bad taste coming where

he (or she) was certain to meet blank!" But if you are wise, you blame no one at all—not because no one is blameworthy, but because no divorce case yet ever revealed the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And in any case, out here in the sunshine, your desire to live and let live fills you with tolerance, though I heard a girl say last night: "Yes; tolerance—in case one might be in the same boat oneself some day"—and this young thing in the early twenties went on to discourse on the pitfalls of the *âge dangereux*. "It is just temporary madness," she declared, pointing to a certain young matron on the verge of defying the greatest convention of all—the convention of caring whether other people cared! Time was when young girls looked down their noses when divorces were mentioned; but now they will describe to you in detail exactly what happened.

Quite a renowned worldling refused to go to a certain hotel here, however, on the protest that there were "too many of his friends living in open sin there"—an admission that he objected only to the "openness" of it all—to the fact that they did not respect Society enough to take the trouble to pretend.

Meanwhile, the tennis tournament at the Carlton has begun and nearly finished, the usual people winning all their rounds with monotonous consistency. Suzanne Lenglen is playing better than ever—so marvellously well that I am trying to discover some hypnotic secret by which she compels the ball to bounce just where she wants it. Mrs. Beamish, who is herself playing very well indeed, only got one game from her yesterday. There are no surprises in the tennis world, every player fulfilling one's expectations after the first week's play. It takes at least a week to get used to the light and the hard courts and the multitudinous colours of the hats and jumpers that mingle with sunshades of still brighter hue all up and down the numbered seats, or move round the wire-netting. If they keep on putting up the price of the seats, only the richest war-profligates will be able



UNDER AN ORANGE-TREE IN SEVILLE: MISS ELITA DE BITTENCOURT.

This delightful, sunny snap-shot of Miss Elita de Bittencourt was taken in Seville, Spain. Miss de Bittencourt, who has recently been in that country, is the younger daughter of Don Julio de Bittencourt, Attaché to the Chilean Legation in London, and is the sister of the Countess of Lisburne.

to watch in comfort. Already most of one's friends would rather stand with the crowd than pay the iniquitous sum of a hundred and forty francs for a chair. I heard a man protesting very strongly at being obliged to pay to watch his own wife play a game he had taught her himself! The time has come when all the first-class players should emulate the workers and form a union of their own. They should insist on privileges for their husbands or wives. As it is, they pay their entrance fees to the events; they have their names advertised on great boards in public places; their play draws thousands of spectators from every corner of the Riviera—and the owners of the Club pocket thousands of francs. Common courtesy, surely, demands that each first-class player be given at least one free pass for a member of his family. I overheard a group of people speculating yesterday as to how much each player was paid! In these mercenary days it seemed impossible that so many athletes should be willing to pour money into other peoples' pockets for sheer love of a game.

Everyone protests at all the prices for everything here; but the crowd grows. At the present rate of exchange we English imagine at first that we are in clover. But we are soon undeceived. A driver wanted to charge me twelve francs to come from the Cannes

(Continued overleaf).

A Peeress Among the Poets.



THE WIFE OF A SEVENTH EARL: THE COUNTESS OF LISBURNE.

Lady Lisburne, who is shown on our page among the poets, is the wife of the Earl of Lisburne, the seventh holder of the title, and the elder daughter of Don Julio de Bittencourt, Attaché to the Chilean Legation

in London. She was married in 1914, and has one son, Lord Vaughan, who was born in 1918; and two daughters, Lady Gloria and Lady Honer Vaughan, who are in their fifth and third years.

Photographic Portrait by Nicholas E. Smirnoff.

"SUNBEAMS OUT OF CUCUMBERS"—Continued.

Club to the Carlton yesterday—a distance of half-a-mile, or less—in a one-horse *fiacre* of antideluvian architecture. The same driver, in the evening, brought me home with a Frenchwoman, and accepted her five francs with the utmost politeness. It is the same everywhere. Even an ordinary pot of cherry-jam at a confectioner's is marked with two prices—one for the foolish English, and one for the French. If you are wise you take your French maid everywhere, and make her do the bargaining. She will stand no nonsense, and the money you save more than pays her keep. It all makes me wonder whether Lady Bingham's new hat-shop out here will pay. As she is an American, she may be able to cope with it; but her little glass show-room on the Croisette appears to be a more expensive form of gambling even than playing

bridge for penny points with Grand Dukes at the Cercle Nautique. Her husband (the Hon. Sir Cecil) is kept in London still by his new appointment at Court.

I wish some enterprising group of English or American gentlemen would buy up the German villas now vacant, and set their seals against all war profiteers invading this land of loveliness. In the old days, Cannes was a place of Panama hats and golf or tennis clothes. Now one sees more sables and diamonds, even in the morning sunshine, on the Croisette than ever before proclaimed prosperity at the Ritz in Paris; and the astonishing people who step out of Rolls-Royces beggar description.

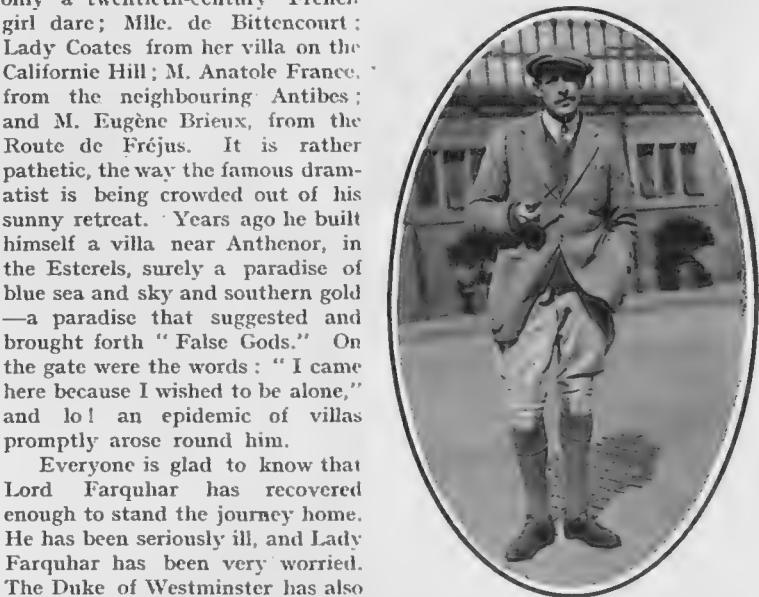
But clothes, for the average person, are lovelier than ever: dainty silk jumpers with no sleeves to speak of, and the inevitable pleated skirt with picot-edged points, revealing cobweb stockings of the fashionable smoke-grey; long, knitted capes, with brushed-wool collars, more becoming than any fur; hats with drooping brims and lace veils; and little brimless hats with draped scarves, so becoming in the simplicity that every woman knows only hours of toil could possibly have achieved. Yellow is the predominant colour. Even the tennis men wear it. Colonel Kingscote plays his preliminary "knock-ups" looking like a large tangerine. I shall not be surprised to see Colonel Gill or Count de Madre play polo in orange breeches—or Count J. de Polignac might borrow his wife's newest jumper for a shirt. Which reminds me that Colonel Gill's team, composed of himself, Captain Smart, Captain Melville, and Captain Philippi, won the

second polo match of the season against Count de Madre, Major Palmes, Ph. de Yturbe, and Count J. de Polignac.

During the week there have appeared many new faces—the Duchess of Albany from her villa, the Villa Nevada, where her daughter, Princess Alice, and the Earl of Athlone are her Royal Highness's guests; Princess Ghika and her young girl, Princess Alexandra Ghika, who drives her own open car everywhere, enjoying liberty as only a twentieth-century French girl dare; Mlle. de Bittencourt; Lady Coates from her villa on the Californie Hill; M. Anatole France, from the neighbouring Antibes; and M. Eugène Brieux, from the Route de Fréjus. It is rather pathetic, the way the famous dramatist is being crowded out of his sunny retreat. Years ago he built himself a villa near Anthenor, in the Esterels, surely a paradise of blue sea and sky and southern gold—a paradise that suggested and brought forth "False Gods." On the gate were the words: "I came here because I wished to be alone," and lo! an epidemic of villas promptly arose round him.

Everyone is glad to know that Lord Farquhar has recovered enough to stand the journey home. He has been seriously ill, and Lady Farquhar has been very worried. The Duke of Westminster has also left Cannes, and Mr. Brassey, M.P., has returned to keep the Coalition ball rolling as long as possible at Westminster. For myself, I am so cross with Sir Frederick Treves for writing just the book I always meant to write about this Riviera that I could cry! Especially as it is full of precisely my own thoughts and feelings and impressions. I wish I had written: "Eze is slowly dying, dying like a doddering old man—once the captain of a host—who is breathing his last in a garret, with around him pathetic relics of his virile past and piteous evidences of his present poverty." And I wish I had written the chapter I have always thought about Roquebrune, which he calls "The City of Peter Pan." It is one of the most attractive in the book.

I suppose all the thoughts of all the world materialise sooner or later, and rush into print through whatever medium the *bon Dieu*



INTERNATIONAL POLO-PLAYER AND UNPAID ASSISTANT PRIVATE SECRETARY TO WINSTON: LORD WODEHOUSE, M.C. Lord Wodehouse is the eldest and only surviving son of the Earl of Kimberley. He is well known as a polo-player; sat as M.P. for Norfolk (Midland Division) from 1906-10; and has recently become one of Mr. Winston Churchill's Unpaid Assistant Private Secretaries at the Colonial Office.

Photograph by Rouch.



A KEEN SPORTSWOMAN: THE NEW LADY TERRINGTON.

Lady Terrington, the wife of the second Baron Terrington, who has just succeeded his father, the first holder of the title, is a racehorse owner, and well known in the horse-show ring. Lord Terrington is the solicitor for Mr. Thomas Farrow, of Farrow's Bank.—(Photograph by Rouch.)

provides with the right amount of leisure. I remember thinking just the same of every Barrie play I ever saw; which either proves me an egoist or proves that all true art is so perfect as to seem to reflect the inmost mind of an average nonentity. IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



OUT WITH THE HERTFORDSHIRE: LADY MAUD MACKINTOSH.

Lady Maud Mackintosh is the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and the widow of Captain Angus Mackintosh, who died in 1918.

Photograph by P.I.O.

bridge for penny points with Grand Dukes at the Cercle Nautique. Her husband (the Hon. Sir Cecil) is kept in London still by his new appointment at Court.

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THE LADY GOLF CHAMPION OF ALL INDIA: MISS COBBOLD, OF CALCUTTA.

Miss Cobbold, of Calcutta, is the Lady Golf Champion of All India, having recently defeated Mrs. Kennion, of Nepal, in the final, played on the Royal Tollygunge Golf Course. Mrs. Kennion is the wife of Colonel Kennion, British Resident in Nepal, and was Lady Golf Champion of England in 1905.



Nearing the End of the Season: With the Portman.



CHATTING TO MRS. LIVINGSTON LEARMOUTH: CAPTAIN W. P. BROWN,
MASTER OF THE PORTMAN.



WITH CAPTAIN GILES SEBRIGHT: MRS. BROWN,
WIFE OF THE MASTER.



TWO WELL-KNOWN HUNTING PERSONALITIES: CAPTAIN GILES SEBRIGHT AND LADY MOYRA DAWSON-DAMER.



ARRIVING BY CAR: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS
OF HAMILTON.



AT THE MEET: LADY MARJORY KENNEDY; LADY FLORA POORE
AND GENERAL POORE.

Our page of photographs, which were taken at a meet of the Portman at Manston, Blandford, show some interesting personalities in the hunting world. Captain W. P. Brown is the Master; Lady Marjory Kennedy is the younger daughter of the Marquess

of Ailsa; Lady Moyra Dawson-Damer is the younger sister of the Earl of Portarlington; and Lady Flora Poore is a sister of the Duke of Hamilton, and the wife of Brigadier-General Robert Montagu Poore, C.I.E., D.S.O.—[Photographs by S. and G.]



Tales with a sting.

PEARLS.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

(Author of "Phillip in Particular," "Green Ladies," "Bastard with the Prince of Wales," &c.)

TITUS TOOVEY was, if the elders of Salt Lake City will permit, one of the latter-day sleuths. He was a bright young man, with an unfaltering touch in Anzora cream. At Scotland Yard they thought highly of him. In the privacy of his velour hat he thought even more highly of himself. He had done redoubtable work. He had arrested more lads with unimpeachable dinner-jackets and unfaltering automatic pistols than had been released by the "movie" merchants in an entire "swell-mobsman" boom.

He was therefore quite the correct thing to send to the Ulrich MacMins' dance.

The Ulrich MacMins gave their dance at the height of the jewel-listing season, and Mrs. Celia Christine Jane Ulrich MacMin at least was worthy of her era. Mrs. MacMin did not wear jewels so much as hold a One Woman Exhibition without charge for admission. When the Ulrich MacMins gave a dance, therefore, they sent the five-ton lorry down to the bank for the family trinkets, and a polite note to the right authorities for adequate protection.

Titus, as became the number of buttons on his white waistcoat, went to the magnificent Pork Lane house as a guest. But he also posted plain-and-homely clothes men at all available cracksments, and arranged a subtle system of signalling. Then, having greeted his host in the Oxford manner, he proceeded to unleash a Bow-Street eye upon his fellow-guests. Thus, in due course, he arrived at conclusions and Pepin.

Having with massive unostentation examined and initialised everybody, he quickly decided that of the crowd, all but six might be dismissed as sickeningly honest. Of this furtive-looking six, two were merely dramatists trying to live up to their epigrams, and three were M.P.s trying not to live up to their election addresses; the rest was Pepin.

Titus was rather certain about Pepin. His slim, exquisite little figure, in a coat almost too good to be true, struck him as nefarious. His slightly whimsical air seemed to him to be all wrong in an atmosphere so solid. Also he saw Pepin's eye stray with delicate affection to the illimitable pampas of Mrs. Ulrich MacMin's shoulders. And he knew why. Strung from east to west across those MacMin shoulders were the MacMin pearls.

You know all about the MacMin pearls. There are fifty of them, and the life-story, with touching anecdotes and photographs in profile of each, has appeared constantly in the Press. Each is a perfect specimen of what a really stud-bred pearl should be. Each is worth a fortune, and all of them together are worth penal servitude—or, at least, that has been the opinion of several experts. So far, all attempts on them had failed, but now Pepin, in his languid way, cast his eyes on them. Titus watched Pepin.

In fact, he more than watched Pepin. He dogged Pepin. When Pepin tacked S.S.E., and pulled up under the lee of Mrs. Ulrich MacMin's off shoulder-blade, there was Titus, with sails aback and his carromades shotted with grape, in the offing. Pepin looked at the pearls, and sighed. Titus said: "Nice pearls, what?"

"Very, but lonely don't you think? I came round to tell numbers forty-nine and fifty that all was well with little brother twenty-five in the Antipodes, and that they can hope to meet once more on the velvet of the jewel-box."

"Jolly dance, don't you think?" said Titus.

"Hilarious," said Pepin, and then he said innocently. "I suppose all this bullion must be guarded, otherwise these swell cracksman we hear so much of would have a sitter."

"I hear," said the brilliant Titus, "I hear that quite the smartest detective in Scotland Yard is on the job."

"You don't say," said Pepin. "Where? Who? Could you point him out? I don't think I've ever seen a really definite detective."

"See that fat, sleepy man over there?" said Titus, pointing to Lord Cream. "Well—"

"Good Sherlocks!" said Pepin. "You don't say. I should never have guessed it."

"Nobody would," chuckled Titus. "But keep it dark."

"I will," murmured Pepin in ecstasy—"very!"

Pepin then drifted off to the mock-conservatory, whose long windows opened graciously on to the scented night and the two hundred and eighty-seven blades of grass known as the lawn. Pepin seemed to think his actions casual. Titus recognised them as thrilling.

Pepin went to one window, gazed out, and then tried it on another. There seemed to be no adequate reaction. At his fourth window he seemed to pause and rest on his oars after the trying labours of the last few minutes. Titus, behind an embittered aspidistra, saw him take out a handkerchief and mop his brow. Then he ceased moppery and turned back to the ball-room.

Titus had but a lightning instant to give to the window, but that sufficed. On the ground under the window was Pepin's handkerchief. Close by the window was the ornate open top of an ordinary rain-water drain. Titus chuckled and rubbed his moral hands together. He sang "Single-handed capture! Single-handed capture of notorious thief [he hoped Pepin would prove that] by celebrated detective."

He nipped into the ball-room just in time to see Pepin drifting, as does the leaf, from the ball-room. He drifted downstairs. He drifted out into the garden. He crept softly under the shade of the conservatory along the lawn. Titus also crept. As the plush-footed puma in the wherever-it-lives jungle steals noiselessly after its prey, so stole Titus.

Pepin paused by his handkerchief and looked carefully round. Deciding that he was alone, he picked up the handkerchief. Titus, with bated breath, watched. Pepin, again making sure that he was not overlooked, bent down to the end of the ordinary rain-water pipe. The ordinary rain-water pipe curved gracefully over some brick moulding and stopped short six inches above a grated, but ordinary drain. Up the curve of this pipe Pepin thrust his handkerchief, leaving but a small corner showing. He had blocked the pipe from the conservatory above. . . . Then he went back and joined the merry throng.

Titus went back, too, chuckling. "Clever," he said. "Damn clever; but I am damn cleverer. . . . Single-handed capture. . . . Brilliant work by brilliant Scotland Yard man. Detective's smartness too much for clever thief. . . ." He knew that the world was a very good place to live in.

Half-an-hour later his acute eye recorded several phenomena. First he observed that there was a crush, and that Mrs. Ulrich Macmin, the Macmin pearls and Pepin were very close together in that crush. Second, that while there was still a crush both Pepin and the pearls had vanished from the proximity of Mrs. Ulrich MacMin. Third, that Pepin, with a soft and rapid movement, both entered into and came out of the conservatory. Fourth, that Mrs. MacMin was making the most of her losses.

In the crisis that followed, Titus was torn between two fires, but only for an instant. He knew where those pearls were; he could restore them in a few minutes. Should he do that? The Noes had it. This thing must be stage-managed if he was to win full glory. Not only must the MacMins dwell upon their loss—and they dwelt upon it excessively aloud—but also he must catch the thief in a most dramatic manner, with the pearls most dramatically upon him. He must get every ounce of value from the incident. The MacMins must feel that they had lost their pearls for good, and then that only through the miracle of his brilliance had they recovered them.

So Titus remained passive, only buzzing about like an intelligent wasp, while the very plain-and-homely-clothes' men took the matter in hand. At his signal he was treated as the rest, was ordered to submit to search and the other necessary indignities. Like the rest of the guests, he protested. Like the other guests, he was loud in his complaints at an unnecessary indignity when the pearls were not found.

He kept his eye all the time on Pepin. Pepin submitted to search with a languid grace, and, of course, nothing was found on him. Pepin, the search over, took his coat, and strolled indolently out of the house. Titus, who already had his coat, strolled after, ready to pounce. And then he became bewildered. Ambling slowly and gently, Pepin walked right past the entrance to the lawn and on to the gate.

Titus's heart stopped beating. Had he made a mistake? Wasn't this fellow, after all, the swell cracksman? Those mysterious actions by the drain-pipe? . . . He signalled to a man at the gate to keep an eye on Pepin, he jumped across the lawn, he grabbed at the corner of handkerchief sticking from the drain-pipe. It came out. With it came out a string of glowing perfection, a ribbon

[Continued on page x.]



"THE LAUGHING GIRL": A FINE EXAMPLE OF FRENCH WORK.

FROM THE DRAWING BY E. FRIANT.

THE MOST GORGEOUS SHOW IN TOWN: THE L



AS SYBIL RENAUD HERSELF: MISS JOSÉ COLLINS IN HER NEW RÔLE.

MASQUERADE AS THE GRAND DUCHES

"Sybil," the new production at Daly's, is not only excellent musical comedy and a capital medium for the exploitation of the art of Miss José Collins, who possesses both vocal and histrionic ability, and is second to none as an artist, but is the most magnificent show which London has seen for some time. As Sybil, the opera singer who masquerades as a Grand Duchess, Miss Collins wears some marvellous Reville gowns, two of which are illustrated on our pages. The ball dress is particularly exquisite. It consists of a "frond" of silver tissue, covered with panels

THE LIGHT OPERA OF LOVE TRIUMPHANT, AT DALY'S.



AND DUCHESS: SYBIL IN HER BALL GOWN.



IN GLORY OF SHIMMERING SILVER: SYBIL'S DIAMANTÉ GOWN WITH JADE-GREEN FEATHERS.

Miss London Towns, Panels
of white tulle, which bear glittering embroidery of crystal, diamanté, and cabochon emerald, and is provided with a bunch of soft ostrich plumage on the left-hand side. With this, Miss Collins wears a gorgeous Russian tiara, and she carries a fan of jade-green feathers. From the moment of her first appearance, when she sings the farewell letter, to her finale on the top note of exultation over difficulties overcome and love triumphant, Miss Collins is the complete artist.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co. Dresses by Reville, Ltd.]

A Bundle of the Best.



APPEARING IN "JUMBLE SALE": MISS BINNIE HALE.

Miss Binnie Hale, the daughter of Mr. "Bobbie" Hale, the famous comedian, is appearing in "Jumble Sale," at the Vaudeville, where she is certainly a bundle of the best among the twenty-three "bundles" which make up this excellent show. Her impression of Edith Day,

impersonation of Phyllis Monkman, and take-off of her own brilliant papa are numbers which work the house up to a real pitch of enthusiasm, for Miss Hale is one of the cleverest young revue artists London has seen for some time. Our photograph shows her in private life.

Photograph by Bertram Park.

FROM THE READER'S POINT OF VIEW.

BY W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

"PERVERSITY is the only thing that makes this rotten life worth living," says a shade of Paragot called Horatio Bakkus in "The Mountebank"; and he might have said that it was also the thing that gives the novels of Mr. W. J. Locke their fantastic charm.

Bakkus is the fantastic relief of this idyll of incongruities. He is the actual inventor of the "lean and unlovely" juggler in green tights who wins fortune as Petit Patou of the Vaudeville, and fame as Brigadier-General Andrew Lackaday of the British Army. It is also he who, with sentimental cynicism, straightens out things in the end when Lackaday's love affair with Lady Auriol—"full-bosomed, warm and olive," and of adorable individuality—seems to have come to a blank wall. Between these poles, of course, many things happen.

They are the sort of genial and extravagant things one expects from Mr. Locke. They are concerned with the translation of Lackaday from the "precarious mountebankery" of the Cirque Rocambeau by the genius of Bakkus and the shrewd and vulgar loyalty of Elodie Figasso to the firmament of stars that shine in the music-halls. They concern his passionless domestic life with Elodie, his habit of reading the history and theory of war for relaxation, and his progress, thanks to this, to general's rank in the war. More than anything they are concerned with his movements in that society where Lady Auriol has her being, and his attempt and failure to remain there after the war.

It is the usual ironic problem after the heart of Mr. Locke; it is smooth and it is amusing. If it misses the vivid flash of earlier stories, it has yet a pretty wit on occasion, and, moreover, its sentimental sweetness is not overdone. When Lady Auriol rediscovers Lackaday as the sea-green monstrosity Petit Patou after the war, her emotions, for example, are stiffened with epigram. All this means that, if you are of those who enjoy the Locke attitude, you will pass some pleasant hours among curious people, queer phases of life, and gracious scenery, in the company of one who knows how to tell a story.

When a man hunts for a treasure as ancient as the Aztecs with methods as modern as the "tin Lizzie" and the "movie," one knows him for a man of redoubtable zest and spirit. Mr. J. Allan Dunn does this in "Dead Man's Gold." He packs two men and a rogue across the continent of America by Pullman into a land where the salt-pans flake dry in the desert sun, where the Apaches come "prowling round as sore as a kicked dog at anyone they think is butting into their reservation," and where, in an enigmatic valley, lies the great *Madre d'Oro*—the great Mother Lode that all gold-miners seek.

This is the sort of tingling yarn that keeps me out of bed at nights. And the allure of Mr. Dunn's story is not merely that he sweeps one on with the swift, clean excitements of his narrative, but he gives one a sense of actuality too. When he took the quite human remittance man, Jim Stone, and "Lefty" Larkin, the attractive Cockney bruiser and crook, and Frank Healy, who was a "con" man, and yellow at

that, into the bizarre Mexican gambling casino where Lola the vivid is waitress, I felt Mr. Dunn had actually experienced all the excitements. Perhaps, too, he even fought the slogging and gruelling fist battle with El Toro, the bull-fighter, with the Mexicans yelling and cheating round the ring, and the American oil-men standing with revolvers in hand to see fair play.

Indeed, his sense of reality in conditions, in desert and Indian lore, in the drawing of local men, adds a touch of vitality and spirit to his treasure hunt. The journey of his adventurers across the desert, with its ardours and thirst, is the authentic thing, and so is the chance scrap with the Apache braves arising, as such scraps do, almost accidentally. Then the first rescue by Peggy with a Ford, and the final triumph, begot of ready wits and hard riding on the part of the two movie "stunt" actresses, seem to add modern and circumstantial touches to the brave and sparkling story.

Mr. Stacey Aumonier, in his modest foreword to "The Love-a-Duck," says that he knows he "is asking for trouble" in publishing a book of short stories. I hope he doesn't get it. I hope he will make many friends instead. I know what he means: short stories are not supposed to pay. It is a pity. Some of the most interesting books latterly have been collections of short stories, and Mr. Aumonier's is one of them.

His scale is a homely and human one, dealing "with such things as fried-fish shops and public-houses," but within that scope he shows an even power, and now and then a definite mastery. "Them Others," for instance, is superb. It is as homely as its row of mean houses backing on to a railway embankment; and yet the tenderness and the delicacy of soul of Mrs. Ward, who all through wartime terrors and Homeric adventures of "her Ernie" (who escaped from a German prison) could yet look at the empty house next door and wonder how at the empty house next door and wonder how through the dark hours of the war, are almost heroic.

"The Great Unimpressionable," too, is an affair of infinite savour and power, it is an Iliad of the phlegmatic. "A Source of Irritation" is an adventure into the fantastic; it tears a country bumpkin out of a turnip-field, swings him through tremendous adventures in the firing line, and delivers him home in time for tea without a neighbour knowing what has happened. In fact, in his field, Mr. Aumonier has a wide range. He can write a sympathetic little study of a weak, but kindly rag-and-bone man in "Old Iron," tell a story with a touch of Gallic irony in a manner that suggests Maupassant, as in "The White Flower of a Blameless Life," or amuse one with the satiric farce of "An Adventure in Bed." To my mind, the volume contains two failures, but the "rest" are successes.



AS HE LOOKED IN HIS YOUTH: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

This interesting photograph of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught in Highland dress was taken many years ago by Bassano, the famous firm of photographers, who first opened their business in 1850, and have taken photographs of nearly every distinguished man and woman since that date.

Photograph by Bassano.

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AS THEY LOOKED ABOUT 1873: AN INTERESTING GROUP OF ROYALTIES—INCLUDING THE KING.

This photograph, which was taken about 1873, shows standing (from left to right): H.R.H. Princess Royal and H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence; while the seated figures are, from left to right: H.M. the Queen of Norway, H.M. the King, H.R.H. Princess Victoria. The group was taken by the famous firm of photographers, Bassano, who have moved to more convenient quarters at 38, Dover Street, W.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

The Mountebank. By W. J. Locke. (Lane; 7s. 6d.)

Dead Man's Gold. By J. Allan Dunn. (Hurst and Blackett; 8s. 6d.)

The Love-a-Duck. By Stacey Aumonier. (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.)

Fame by Tango: "The Four Horsemen . . ."



THE "NEGRO" DANCE OF HIS YOUTH: JULIO AS FREQUENTER OF THE LOWEST DANCE-HALLS IN BUENOS AIRES.



"HE HAS THE KEY": JULIO, AS MASTER OF THE TANGO, BECOMES A FAVOURITE OF FAST PARIS—
AND DANCES WITH MARGUERITE.

The pre-war Tango mania is one of the features of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Vicente Blasco Ibanez' famous novel, which is shortly to be seen on the screen. It will be remembered that, as a boy in Buenos Aires, Julio Desnoyers, the principal character, frequents disreputable cafés, and dances the Tango there. Later he comes to Paris, and finds that his "under-world experi-

ences" make him welcome in the best society of the French capital—for all the world is Tango-mad. Our page illustrates the two Tangos—that which is danced in the lowest dance-halls of Buenos Aires, watched by the police; and the same Tango performed in one of the most exclusive salons of pre-war Parisian Society, where Julio Desnoyers meets Marguerite.

French Night Life – and a German Orgy.



IN JULIO'S STUDIO IN PARIS: A REVEL BY NIGHT—IN "THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE."



AT THE CHATEAU OF JULIO'S FATHER: A DRUNKEN HUN OFFICER DANCES IN "UNDIES."

The film version of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," the famous novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez, is one of the most remarkable pictures ever taken, and has cost the producers, the Metro Picture Corporation, half a million sterling. The story opens in South America, and is unfolded in Paris and on the battlefields of Belgium and France. Julio, the central figure, is the son of a

South American millionaire. Our page shows two of the remarkable "orgy" scenes. The upper photograph depicts a Bohemian revel in Julio's Paris studio, and the latter a drunken riot of Hun officers in Desnoyers' chateau. The Germans rifle the wardrobes of Desnoyers' wife and daughter, and dress up in Mademoiselle Chichi's underclothes.



IT must be the fine weather that brings them out, you know. No sooner has the morning sun been shining for a couple of hours over the Serpentine on a Sunday than all the funniest people in the world come out and play between Marble Arch and Hyde Park Corner. And we observing them. Of course, we aren't funny at all. We were that Well-Dressed Person whom you noticed just above Stanhope Gate, and were just going to remark on to Him, when it became suddenly and acutely necessary for both of you to avoid the eye of that Woman from Next Door, who is always . . .

And that is just the delightful thing about the Park on Sunday mornings. It affords greater, richer, and more elaborate opportunities for cutting people than any other measured mile on the habitable globe. You may turn a dull eye at them up at the far end in the shadow of Achilles' calves. Or you may stare past them at the cads in the cars along the kerb between the Gates. Or, again, you may just look at them appraisingly and pass on anywhere you like along the whole strip. But wherever you do it in the whole great Park, you can inflict the Cut Courteous with greater effect and satisfaction than anywhere else on earth.

And you need to. But how! Yet there are some reforms of which even our Sunday Park is susceptible. They might, for instance, abolish all those people in the gutter. Nothing is nastier than to walk along the line of Waugh-Puffington landaulets that draws up along the kerb in order to lie back horizontal in its six-seater and chinchillas and try to forget about the good old days when custom wasn't as good as it might have been at the tripe-shop in Kingsland Road. They are really getting dreadful, our friends the Rhysent-Rich. And their young (male) are returning to the top hat. Because it shines so. Whilst their females are humped and hunched into pendent garments of fur. All to be observed



HOW THEY MAKE SNEEZING SAFE IN THE U.S.A.: MISS ESTHER PARSONS IN THE "CORYZA" CUPBOARD AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

Girls at Wellesley College, U.S.A., are being rendered sneezeless and snuffleless by a new invention called the coryza cupboard. When a girl feels that horrid twitching which heralds the coming of a sneeze, she dashes into the coryza cupboard. It is a zinc-lined, air-tight compartment where she will inhale disinfecting fumes. Our photograph shows Miss Esther Parsons in the coryza cupboard. [Photograph by Topical.]

laid out along the kerb in shiny cars. "for to admire," as Mr. Kipling says, "and for to see."

But it is all very sufficiently entertaining. It takes, as you have heard, all sorts to make a world. Your own sort apparently

stays at home, so that if you take your walks abroad, your sight will be gladdened by the Other Sort. Which is far more amusing to look at than you or (quite conceivably) me.

The same glamour of oddity is rapidly overspreading the London theatre. One knows of hardly a playhouse that you can go to nowadays of a Saturday night without the certainty of encountering the most fabulous monsters in moleskin coats and pearls. Queer, isn't it?

It all looks a bit like the descriptions of Red Society under the Russian Revolution. The only difference seems to be that our own curios came by it honestly. All in the way of business, in a happy country which overpays those who plunder it, and loves to starve all who do any little thing for its amusement or beautification.

But one likes them best really in their walking clothes in the Park. They have more dignity, a finer outline, a prouder port than when cribbed, cabined and confined within a mere stall (or even a mere box or so) in a mere theatre. Go, then. And laugh at them. You can't hurt their feelings, you know. Because they haven't got any, poor dears.

That, anyway, is where you will see the social history of our time making itself. And social history is the bright reflection of economic history; and economics, as all of us who weren't taught any at school (because they weren't invented in our time) are learning to our cost, economics is—or are—everything in these statistical times.

So just you go to the Park and study economics. You'll see then why they charge you so much for jam and pickles. If they didn't, that gorgeous lady in front couldn't be half so gorgeous. And that's economics.

And one is left wondering where all the just quite ordinary people get to. The ones that they always draw in *Punch* doing those genteel, Kensington things and looking down on everybody who hasn't two cousins in the Navy and an uncle in the Church. One wonders.

Do they, or don't they (blasphemous thought) exist? Can it be that there are no such persons? And that we are all Shell-Joneses and Puffington-Mees, really? Awful thought. But it looks pretty like it in any London public place nowabouts.



AN ENGAGED COUPLE: MISS EDITH THOMSON AND MR. RALPH CAZENOVE.

Our snap-shot, which was taken at Cannes, shows Miss Edith Thomson, daughter of Mrs. L. S. Thomson, of London and New York, with her fiancé, Mr. Ralph de L. Cazenove, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cazenove, of Cottesbrooke, Northampton.

Two Popular Favourites.

MISS EDNA BEST AND ROWNTREE'S CHOCOLATES.



BY APPOINTMENT



Edna likes
Rowntree's
Chocolates
Best

Edna Best

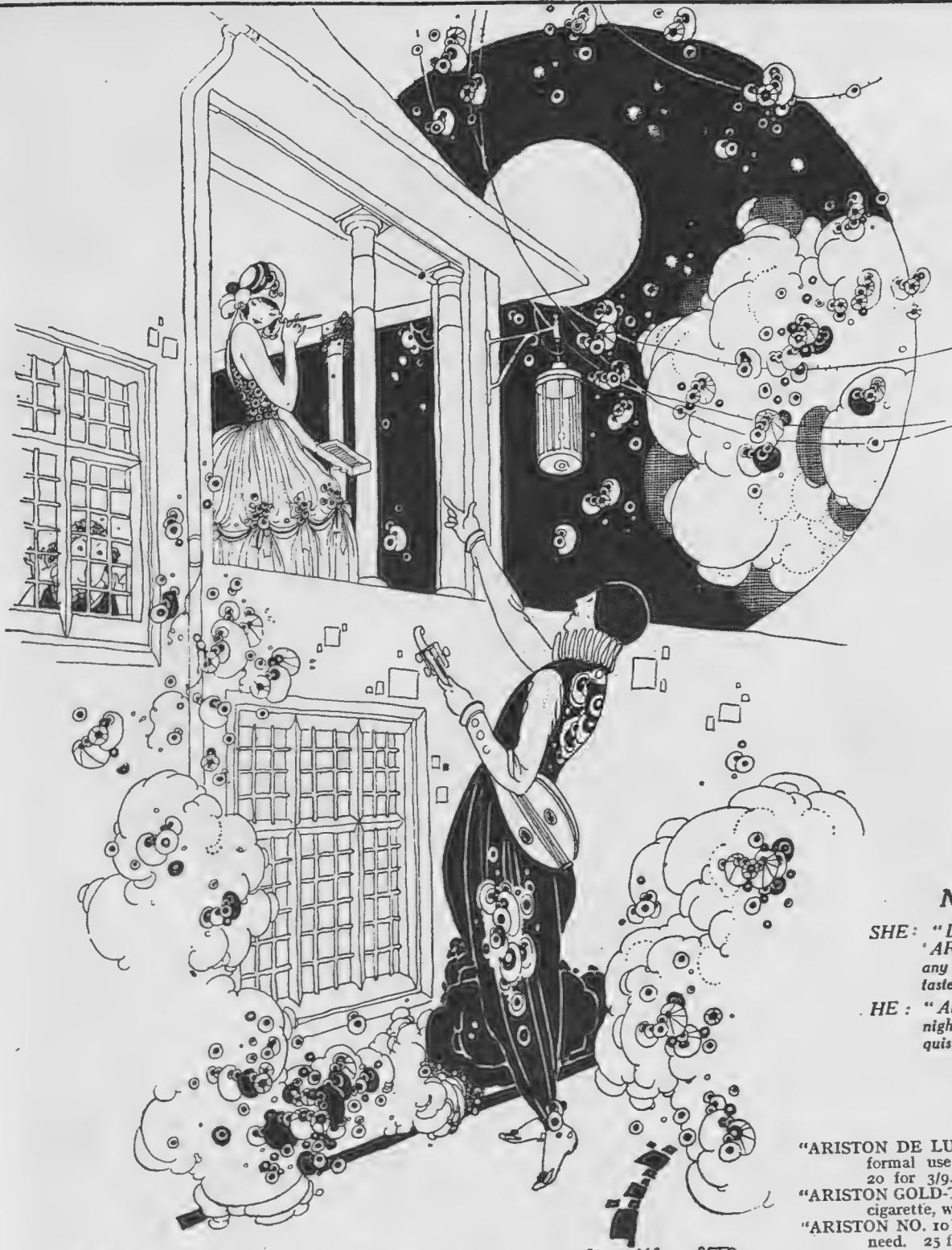
Henterprise.



MOTORIST: Awfully sorry—here's a pound note.

DAME: Ho—thankee kindly, Sir—I think I'll start keepin' chickens *myself* now!

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.



MURATTI "ARISTON" + CIGARETTES +

TO appreciate thoroughly the art of the cigarette-maker—smoke "Ariston." Blend, which price alone cannot secure—delightful fragrance of Dubec tobacco—and exquisite manufacture are summed up in the word "Ariston" (meaning "perfection.")

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 "ARISTON NO. 10":—Large, oval, supplies the hourly need. 25 for 2/9.
 "ARISTON NO. 6":—A medium-sized cigarette, oval shaped. An ideal entr'acte cigarette. 20 for 2/-.
 "ARISTON DELICAT":—A round medium-sized cigarette. In sympathy with the most delicate taste. 25 for 2/2.





Without Prejudice

AND so it goes on. The winter, I mean. And then it goes off. And you all sneeze, and call it the spring-time. But the real way that you can scent the approach of the wee small vernal months between Easter and Whitsuntide which are generally accepted in this country as a spring-substitute is not by hearing the sap squirting up the trees (see minor lyrics *passim*). Or even by detecting in yourself that feeling of inactive activity (see minimum lyrics *loc. cit.*). No.

But just by watching the state of the Metropolitan stage. When the list of London amusements contains just one or two peaks of pantomime projecting from a circumambient sea of normal drama, then, oh then it is time for the crocuses to turn over in their beds and sit up through the covering earth. Because then the spring-time is really coming.

And that is about where we find ourselves the now (if one may be a shade elegantly Caledonian about it). For among the advancing columns of the first (k)nights of legitimate drama, the flag of pantomime is still proudly flying over the Hippodrome. Nailed, it would seem, to that mast. Which one would be tempted, if it belonged to a different proprietor, to describe as Stollwart.

But as it is, we merely watched the show from a Mossy bank. And glad of it. Because it went on from seven-forty-five, when most of you are just about beginning to think of changing for dinner, till eleven-something, when you are all, of course, in bed. So we wanted the bank. As well as all that the rolling stone could gather in the way of moss.

Anyway, "Aladdin" is a first-rate pantomime. Not forgetting his Wonderful Lamp—the most wonderful of which are to be seen flaring daily outside the entrance just at the corner of Charing Cross Road. An old-fashioned, as they say, pantomime, in which we are left to the mercies of the librettist, almost undistracted by the rival fascinations of each gagging artist on the crowded pantomimic stage.

The heroic element in this moving tale (a new little thing about a young boy with a widowed mother, a wicked uncle, and a lamp, you know) is provided by Miss Elsie Prince. Without the more than masculine physique which makes Miss Marie Blanche the Principal of all Boys, she is sufficiently bright and gay. And she sings with considerable charm, and smiles so nicely.

Wooed by her—him—oh, well, by Aladdin—enter Miss Phyllis Dare, whose entry in the programme—"Princess Badr-al-Budur"—bears significant witness to the conjoint influences on pantomime libretto of Mr. Oscar Asche, Doughty's "Arabia Deserta," and Colonel Lawrence. She is always attractive to watch and listen to, and they dress her up so nicely as a Princess of China.

Comedy attends in the person of Miss Nellie Wallace, who disfigures and contorts herself for our entertainment with noble self-sacrifice and unflagging energy. She is a real she-comedian. And that, as we all know—and even now that they have gone into public life—is a Very Rare Bird. (Roman expression, without unfortunate modern connotation.)

Laughter also is the lay of Mr. Lupino Lane, any member of whose family it is always a delight to welcome to their traditional home in pantomime. He has a quiet funnitude—assisted sometimes by idiotic clothes and sometimes by a dwarf motor-car. But he is nearly always funny. Except when he is being tragically pursued by green devils (and one of them a Lupino!) through seventy-four trap-doors in six minutes. A crowded life. One has always wondered if the Lupino family circle is pleasingly diversified by these little excursions.

The mounting is sumptuous, and deserves praise in these days when Drury Lane shambles across the road into Covent Garden and gives us the same old scenery. Miss Ruth French dances very prettily in the Russian manner; and the rest of the show goes smoothly—in the British manner. A good old pantomime, that makes us all young again in this ageing spring weather.

So let's all express Sound Views on the subject of Christmas entertainments, so that next year They won't dare to treat us in the cavaliere manner which They adopted last season. We are entitled to our whack of Pantomime. And, except at the Hippodrome, there is hardly anywhere that we get it. Next year They must do better. And evict those camels from Drury Lane. All very well in their way, but they are a poor substitute for the Dragon (front legs by S. P. Rightly Contortionist, and hind-quarters by his brother), and all the humorous livestock of Panto tradition. Christmas, after all, should be Christmas in the theatrical world, even though it extends to Easter or thereabouts.



AN INTERESTING PATHOLOGICAL "CASE": THE ANGEL (MR. HAROLD FRENCH) BEING EXAMINED BY DR. CRUMP (MR. FEWLESS LLEWELLYN).

One of the most entertaining moments in "The Wonderful Visit," at the St. Martin's, is when Dr. Crump (Mr. Fewless Llewellyn) examines the Angel (Mr. Harold French), and finds him an interesting and somewhat inexplicable "case."—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]



THE VISITOR DWINDLING FROM ANGELHOOD—WITH SHAWL OVER WINGS: THE REV. RICHARD BENHAM (MR. J. H. ROBERTS); LADY HAMMERMALLOW (MISS COMPTON); AND THE ANGELIC VISITOR (MR. HAROLD FRENCH). H. G. Wells and St. John Ervine's "The Wonderful Visit," at the St. Martin's, deals with the familiar theme of the Angel come to earth. Our photograph shows the Angel gradually dwindling to ordinary manhood. Contrary to the expectations of some people, the play is being withdrawn at the end of the week.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]



The Foundation of Good Dress.

The foundation of good dress, like the foundation of good art, is an understanding of proportion and grace of build. In the figure of every woman lie the possibilities of beauty, yet so elusive that an ill-chosen corset may distort it to unattractiveness.

It has been written that violent contrasts destroy the very basis of art and maim the truth.

GOSSARD *Front Lacing* CORSETS

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ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Alexa and Young Bob.

A little bird, its plumage al striped and spangled with stars, whistles us that a movement of consequence is being carried out with stealth, and the end will be surprise for many. This bird, who communicates valuably, as did the little bird to Siegfried in the forest, states that the first of the American champions to attempt the business of successful invasion will be among us here in England, making drives and puts, and getting in her hand ere anyone knows of it. Her hand, not his hand, for it is a lady, Miss Alexa Stirling, regarded by some as the best woman golfing proposition after Miss Cecil Leitch herself. A contest in the Ladies' Championship at Turnberry between these two should be as good as anything else in the season. This championship begins at the end of May, and it was thought that Miss Alexa might be along here round about the end of April or something like that, according to the custom of invading champions. But she is displaying now a little of that same thoroughness and independence with which, as the little girl from Georgia—or Atlanta, to be more precise—she first won the American Women's Championship four years ago, her hair being then in the hanging stage and her age some way from the end of the teens. In truth, she is a rival prodigy to the world-famed Bobby Jones, who will take ship for these trembling isles some time after Alexa has arrived, although his own ordeal by champion-

ship will occur at Hoylake before the lady's.

The Georgia Wonders.

Bobby and Alexa, as a matter of fact, are from the same golfing nursery, as one may put it, and it is a nursery from which it is quite likely more champions will emanate, for they have a professional at Atlanta—Stewart Maiden he is, and known in Scotland—who makes a specialty of watching for promising youngsters and then forcing them on by the most intensive methods. He brought out Bobby Jones and Alexa Stirling, and another boy nearly as good, Perry Adair, when they were all only children. Bobby and Alexa would play together at times when weeny tweenies. One might call them golfing twins, seeing their joint fame, though they are not related. Then, having prepared their golf to a sort of juvenile human perfection under the sun of Georgia, they fared forth into the outer world to see what they could win. Bobby Jones has made great fame for himself. He has been in the final of the American Amateur Championship, even if he has not won it, and that is something great for an American boy. But, though you may have heard a little less of Miss Alexa, it is perhaps just one of those injustices to which the girls are



A NEW MEMBER OF THE LADIES' PARLIAMENTARY GOLF ASSOCIATION: MISS ANGELA TOLLEMACHE.

Miss Angela Tollemache, the younger daughter of the Hon. Douglas Tollemache, is a new member of the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association. She played in the recent match against the Stage Ladies, and was defeated by Mrs. Gerald du Maurier.

Photograph by S. and G.



PLAYING IN THE MATCH AT MITCHAM: MRS. CORY-WRIGHT (FORMERLY FELICITY TREE) AND MRS. BOWLES. Mrs. Cory-Wright played for the Stage Ladies at the recent match at Princes, Mitcham. She defeated Mrs. Bowles by 4 and 2.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

continually subjected, for, as far as it is possible for her, she has achieved more distinction than young Bob. She won the American Ladies' Championship in 1917, again in 1919, and yet again last year; and there is no woman golfer in God's own country who can beat her on real form and as a regular thing. Keen enough is this American girl, and she has made up her mind to do a full course of training in the British Isles; and so the bird to which I have referred whistles that she is sailing almost secretly from America on March 8, which is some time in front of the date that had been announced.

EARLINESS IN ENGLAND. She had made all arrangements for a winter and spring season at Belleair, one of the American winter resorts, but has cancelled them in order to come along this way sooner. One must suppose that she ought to be right; but she will be here a little more than two months before her championship, and, being kind to this American girl, one might remind her of the case of Francis Ouimet, who did the same thing, and played himself very stale before the championship in which he was engaged began. It is the easiest thing to acquire staleness in such circumstances. However, Miss Alexa Stirling knows her business. American women's golf has in general been farther behind British women's than the American man's behind the British man's, and overseas entrants have always made a very poor show in the feminine championship here.

Never has one looked at all like reaching the final. The Stirling girl may be far better than all the others; but, being kind to her again, just let her be told that she needs to be, and that she is catching British women's golf at a hotter point than it has ever reached before, or any of her American sisters have had acquaintance with. . . . So we find that in this and sundry other ways the new season is already stirring. The keener players who just hang on to the game somehow in the winter months are now ceasing to talk so much or write about it; and they don't believe, after all, that there is any "new golf," but just the old one, which is good enough. And they are mending their grips and varnishing their shafts, and soon will be at the big game again. As usual, the first classic event of the season will take place at the end of this month—the University match. The players have decided on a big change in the system this year, playing foursomes all day on the 29th, and singles all the following day—two days of it instead of one. There are divided opinions upon the wisdom of the change, and some idea that it will militate against the sporting excitement. One day is said to be enough for any golfing match.

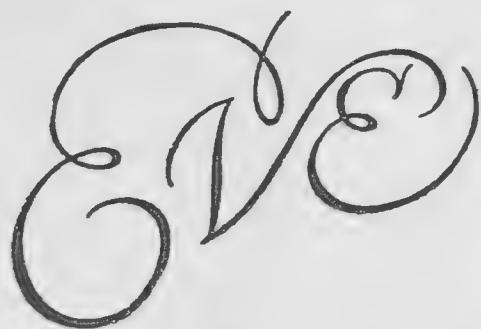


"ARIEL'S" FOLLOW-THROUGH: MISS WINIFRED BARNES PLAYING IN THE STAGE v. LADIES' PARLIAMENTARY MATCH.

The Stage Ladies' Golfing Society beat the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association in the recent match at Mitcham. Miss Winifred Barnes, the Ariel from the Aldwych production of "The Tempest," beat Mariota Countess of Wilton by 3 and 1.

Photograph by S. and G.

The first issue of



The Lady's Pictorial

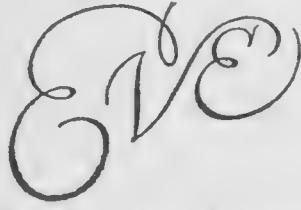
which is the joint production of "EVE"—the unique journal for modern women—and that older favourite, "The Lady's Pictorial,"

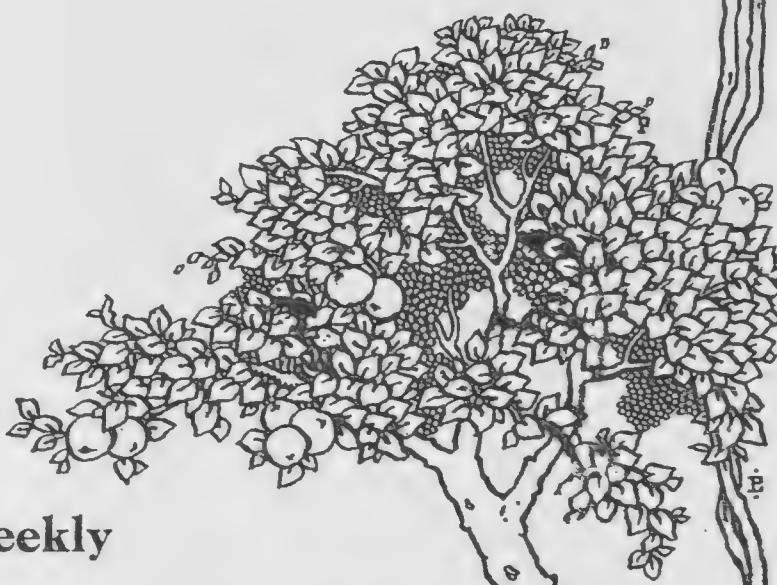
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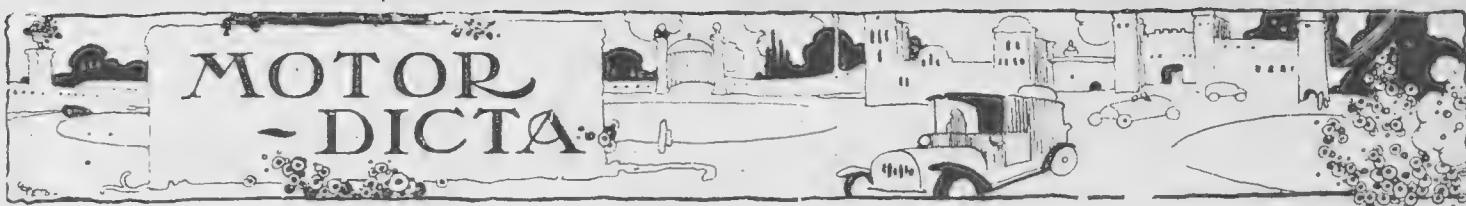
The Woman's Supplement

the beautiful magazine previously issued by "The Times" from Printing House Square. This concentration of the best hitherto existing in the world of women's journals ensures the highest possible standard of excellence in all departments—Fashions, Art, Literature, Society and Domestic affairs.

ORDER—IN ADVANCE
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The Lady's Pictorial



Price One Shilling Weekly



SECOND-HAND AUTOS ON EXHIBITION: MOTORING UNDER COST PRICE. By GERALD BISS.

MOST folk of short memories will have forgotten in the storm and stress not only of the war, but, worse still, of this patch-work peace, that in November 1916 a Mr. W. Glass organised a show of second-hand cars at the Agricultural Hall, at which over 350 cars were exhibited, and three-quarters of them sold. After that, petrol-cards and nothing doing! Now, however, Mr. Glass, encouraged by his war-time success, proposes to hold another second-hand motor show before these second-handers go altogether out of fashion, in what should be to him the congenial surroundings of the Crystal Palace. This "reach-me-down" auto exhibition is projected for April 4 to 16, and is to include all sorts and conditions of cars, "heavies" and all, with a motor-cycle section, and probably a special sub-division for light cars; and these autos for sale will be grouped according to their various makes. It will not be a case of all goods marked in plain figures, but the management will be furnished in every case with the owner's lowest reserve price and deal with offers accordingly. Each car in search of a new master and a kind home for its declining days will carry a card giving not only full particulars, but a certificate of its mechanical condition by independent experts after a complete examination and a test upon the road. The entrance fee will be five per cent. upon the first £200, and, if sold, 1½ per cent. on the balance of the selling price, with a minimum of £5 for cars up to 16-h.p., and £6 for larger ones. This fee includes all expenses—standing room, expert examination, insurance, and even polishing and dusting during the show. If you enter your car and sell it before the show, your entrance fee is



HOW TO KNOW WHEN YOU ARE HUNGRY: AN APPETITE-INDICATOR FOR THE BUSINESS MAN.

The really efficient business man does everything by rule—at the right time. Apparently he even lunches and dines—not at a specified hour, but when he actually requires nourishment. He is guided by the instrument shown in our photograph, which tells him when it is right and proper that he should eat.—[Photograph by Aitkin.]

the charges unduly high. There ought to be quite a lot doing at the Big Glass House the first fortnight in April.

Exact Science of Automobilism. I wonder if many cars have ever had their life history, journeys, and bills of costs so carefully and interestingly kept as the 14-20-h.p.

Wolseley of Colonel Forbes, of Marlborough? No car's "Margot" under the new regulations would have room for all the details with which this punctilious owner has spontaneously furnished the makers, who have much to congratulate themselves upon, as it shows what a thoroughly sound British job will do in a good owner-driver's hands. No one else, Colonel Forbes proudly records, ever drives or touches the car, which was only used spasmodically during the war when he was back from the front or hospital, and stood for months unattended; while during the whole of 1918 it was jacked up, starting off again, however, upon its post-war peregrinations after three turns of the handle. Delivered in 1909, deducting 1918, it has been running eleven years, varying from 7390 miles in 1912 to 1107 in 1917, totalling 47,130 miles in all. Only once has it been back to the makers to be overhauled—in 1913, when it cost £69 19s. 4d. in repairs. In 1911 it cost just over £14, the only other year that repairs have run into double figures, the others all being under £6, and in 1917 only 19s. 6d., giving a total of £18 1s. over eleven years. During that period it consumed 2307 gallons of petrol, costing £198 15s. 1d., averaging 20·3 m.p.g. Tyres have also cost £198; oil and grease account for £20 os. 1d.; and licenses and insurance, £156 11s. 2d.—I love the exactitude of these priceless pennies—giving a total of £691 10s. 4d. for everything, and an average cost of threepence-ha'penny a mile—cheap enough, in all conscience, when at times it was asked to carry six adults and three children up Scottish hills! That certainly has got Little Eric's railway rates beaten to a frazzle!

As Colonel Utilitarian Auto. Forbes says,

it is not a fast car—a 35-m.p.h. machine—but thoroughly consistent, and a fine hill-climber. And what more does the average motorist want—and even more the practical, utilitarian motorist of the future, who is not out for swank or stunts, but wants comfort combined with economy? Colonel Forbes gives every detail as to repairs, present condition of the old car, and all sorts of facts I have no space to reproduce. The car cost him about £600 all in in 1909, and he claims that it could not be replaced for anything like that now. Personally, I won't go so far as that—for instance, the 20-h.p. Austin at £695—but it could not have been a year ago. If other owners kept such detailed records, instead of talking through the backs of their necks, automobilism would be a more exact science. Colonel Forbes is to be congratulated upon his economical old veteran, for which I am sure he has a very soft spot in his heart; and it is, so far as he is concerned, I am certain, priceless. His voluntary statistics will encourage many would-be owner-drivers to experiment in automobilism, and make many chauffeur-driven owners rub their eyes a bit.



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Psycho-analysis is the new craze, and its influence is felt not only in literature and art, but in advertisement. Our photograph shows a picture of "the intermediate mental stage between failure and success," with the mail orders of prosperity coming from the sun of publicity.

Photograph by Harris.



A CAR WHICH CARRIES ITS OWN "BAD-ROADS" DEVICE! A NEW TYPE OF TRACTOR.

Our photograph shows Secretary Newton D. Baker trying a new type of tractor which is being considered by the Ordnance Department of the U.S. Army. By the belt device and two extra wheels added to each side of the ordinary car, as shown in our photograph, the worst roads can be covered at high speed. When good roads are available, the device can be quickly removed.

Photograph by Harris and Ewing.

returned. On each and every auto still unsold on the last day, the owner's reserve price will be publicly exhibited. It is quite a good scheme, straightforward and practical, and I don't think

Like that singleton swallow, the Brooklands sheet announcement for Easter Monday does not imply summer in full swing, but it is the sign of evacuating winter quarters. Racing will begin at noon, and there are no fewer than eleven races offered for subscription, including a three-litre scratch race, which is Grand Prix size, and obviously designed with a view to attracting the crack racing cars of the year, though there are not many of them about at present.

"Signals of Security"



Daily Mail

Amazing Figures.

"The largest figures are shown by advertising Commission Agents and the largest of all, I imagine, are those of Mr. Douglas Stuart. He it was who so extensively advertised 'Bracket' and 'Fancy Man' as Robin Goodfellow's Double. All this 'double money,' if there is no Cambridgeshire, must be returned."

PALL MALL

GAZETTE

"Mr. Douglas Stuart's name stands for all that is best in the Racing World."

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"Mr. Douglas Stuart has earned the reputation of being the greatest Turf Accountant in the World."

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The Sporting Life.

"Mr. Douglas Stuart's rules are eminently just and fair, and not once in the course of many years have we had a single justifiable complaint against Mr. Douglas Stuart or his methods of business."

"By FAR the Greatest Turf Accountant in the World."—*Sporting Life.*

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COMBINED WITH

PLACE BETTING

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LOST TELEGRAMS PAID IN FULL

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SPORTING TIMES.

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JOHN BULL.

"Douglas Stuart is as safe as the Bank of England."

TATLER

"In looking for the right sort of Turf Accountant, I should select Douglas Stuart."

The Sportsman.

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

"I strongly recommend my readers to entrust their future business with the exceedingly enterprising, liberal and reliable Turf Agency conducted by Mr. Douglas Stuart."

THROUGH A GLASS LIGHTLY.

A NAUGHTY little girl had been annoying nurse throughout the day, and at bed-time was more unmanageable than ever. She positively refused to say her prayers, and nurse was thrown into a fit of desperation. The child at last settled down to her prayers on the condition that if she were a good little girl she would be allowed to go to heaven—later. Some minutes afterwards, when, like a perfect little angel, she appeared to be asleep, and nurse was tip-toeing out of the room, the cherub called out suddenly, "Nanny! Do cows go to heaven?" Nurse assured the child that cows did certainly not go to heaven. "Then," grumbled the darling, half-sleepily, "then I shall have to go to hell for my milk."

Without being too personal, I wish to state that that young nephew of mine whose witticisms have been frequently seen through this Glass, Lightly, is more than an ordinary youngster. He has recently spent some time in New York, and, captured by the most favoured kind of expression in that city—*vers libre*—he has let himself go. You may not believe it, but following are extracts from an ebullition of that boy of twelve—

Memories, like olives, are a taste acquired.
William and Mary were, for some years,
An interest in my life;
They had a hold on my affection.
But, being dead, how can they keep their
place

In a mind that is surrounded
By the large and constantly renewed
Consignments of the living?
One sees each newcomer not as something
Strange and special, but a labelled
Specimen of this or that familiar genus.
But William really had some oddities
That even would have caught an oldster's
eye.
Yet he was commonplace enough
Within himself (as I, coeval though I was
With him, soon saw).

"Vy," exclaimed one Hebrew merchant to another, "vy, it passes mine comprehension that you should actually give your boy a shilling pocket-money every week." But the other shrugged and winked, slyly remarking, "But you see, Sol, me and the Missus puts the shilling in the gas-meter, and the liddle feller thinks it is his money-box."

Blood is thicker than water; but water leaves no stain.

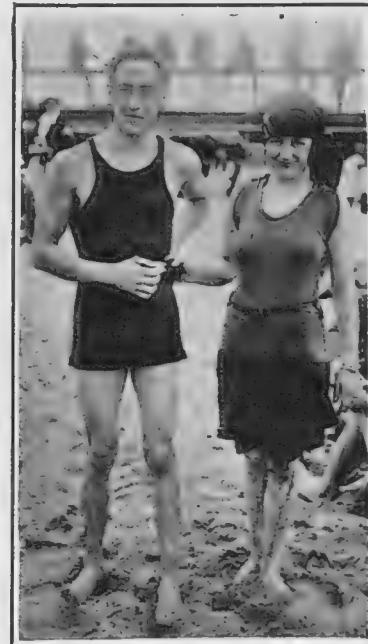
The good old practice of tying a knot in a handkerchief by way of reminder is still found to be useful. If knot, why not?

Nothing is more distressingly aggravating to the man who prides himself on his achievements than to be told that posterity will probably consider us all irresponsible.

A bullying barrister, noted for his browbeating propensities, had been verbally mauling a defenceless witness who had the good sense to restrict himself to "yea" and "nay" in his answers to counsel's cross-questionings. The barrister could not, by any means in his power, make the witness admit one certain fact which would alter the whole case for the prosecution. The more counsel for the prosecution attacked the silent witness for the defence, the more calm and collected did the latter become. Then, after one of those questions filled with negatives and affirmatives, the witness slowly shoved his hands into his trousers pockets and simply answered "No." Suddenly the barrister thundered out, "Take your hands out of your pockets when you answer me." Out they came, like a flash; the poor witness was now thoroughly terrified. So the Judge intervened with a slight admonishment, remarking that the witness had a perfect right to put his hands in his pockets. The barrister quietly apologised to the Bench, and then, turning with an angry glance to the discomposed witness, bellowed: "Put them back again!"

He did, and the barrister won easily.

There was an old draper called Cox
Who spelled s-o-c-k-s "sox."
I went him one better,
And ordered, by letter,
A box of his sox without clox.



SNAPPED ON THE SANDS AT PALM BEACH: PRINCE ALPHONSE DE BOURBON AND MISS GEORGETTE COHAN, DAUGHTER OF MISS ETHEL LEVEY.

This photograph is enough to make Londoners feel jealous of American Society on the sunny sands of Palm Beach, where bathing is in full swing! It shows Ethel Levey's pretty daughter, Miss Georgette Cohan, with Prince Alphonse de Bourbon, cousin of the King of Spain.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

This photograph is enough to make Londoners feel jealous of American Society on the sunny sands of Palm Beach, where bathing is in full swing! It shows Ethel Levey's pretty daughter, Miss Georgette Cohan, with Prince Alphonse de Bourbon, cousin of the King of Spain.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

Two golfers met on a Scotch links in these circumstances. The one was a well-known American millionaire, reputed to be the richest man in the world, and the other was just an ordinary Scot who loved golf. The millionaire had "sliced" from the fourth tee; the Scot had "pulled" from the third. Both players marked the same spot in the rough. By the time the Scot had arrived at the spot where he knew his ball had settled he found the millionaire, deep-faced mashie in hand, just about to strike. "Here," he cried, "that's my ba'!" The American, still poised for the shot, said, "Snothin' o' the kind. I know it's my own. And further more, Stranger, I'm goin' to play it." The Scot rushed forward exclaiming, "But see, mon, it's a red dot Silver King, an' it's me ain ba' ye're playing." The millionaire asserted that his, too, was a red dot Silver King. The Scot, feeling that all argument was useless, retorted: "A' richt; ye've got everything else in the world, ye'd better tak me puir ba' as well."

The woman who is stupid enough to appear before women to be wise is wise enough to appear before men to be stupid.

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should be less happy with wings.

The last state of some men is worse than the thirst. SPEN.



SNAPPED AT ST. MORITZ: A GROUP INCLUDING LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER BURNAY, C.M.G.; LADY POULETT; THE HON. MRS. MAITLAND; AND LADY CHICHESTER.

Some enthusiasts are still winter-sporting, as this snap from St. Moritz shows. Our group includes: Lieutenant-Commander Burney, C.M.G., inventor of the Paravane; Lady Chichester (second from left); Lady Poulett; and the Hon. Mrs. Maitland.

Come and Gramophone at Keith Prowse

'To gramophone' is a new verb which will soon be in every standard dictionary. It means to 'sit in a comfortable Salon and listen, *without any obligation to buy*, to any record you choose played on any make of gramophone you select.'

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 Adherent and unobtrusive, it gives the complexion a wonderful softness and delicate attractiveness. 10d. and 1/- per Box. Powder Leaf Books, 7d. each.

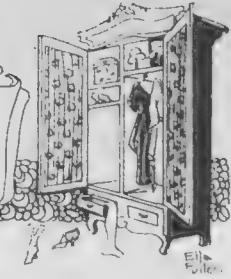
For a perfectly harmonious toilet use also
 Wana-Ranee Toilet Soap, 1/- and 1/- per Tablet; Toilet Cream, 1/3; Dental Cream, 1/4; Bath Crystals, 3/- and 6/-; Hair Lotion, 10/-; Toilet Water, 8/-; Shampoo Powders, 3d. each; Brilliantine—Liquid 2/-, Solid 1/4; Talcum Powder, 1/4; Sachets, 9d.; Cacheous, 6d.

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VOGUES & VANITIES

By
CARMEN
of
COCKAYNE



All At It.

What a time we women are having!—Mr. Terrell so anxious to protect us from disagreeables in our capacity as jurywomen; grave clerics at intervals scandalised at our dress (or undress); all kinds of anxious people wondering whether, just because we prefer to work and live instead of sitting at home and getting somewhere near the starvation line, there is a sex war on—or coming. Under the circumstances, and what between our defenders and attackers, it's little short of wonderful that we keep our heads as we do, and retain our interest in life and men and home and family and dress—especially dress; that is to say, as much of it as fashion allows.

A Good Antidote.

Quite seriously, we women owe fashion a debt of gratitude for coming along to give us something besides ourselves to think about. Of course, in choosing clothes one does have to consider what one will look like when wearing them; but the real thrill lies in feeling materials, looking at beautiful colours, and trying on all kinds of impossible hats

for the mere fun of seeing what they look like on someone to whom they are often quite unsuited. If spring modes had not come along to take our minds off our noble selves, goodness knows how soon we'd have developed into morbid, introspective kind of creatures. As it is, frocks are still at least as important as "duties," which is just as it should be. All duty and no dress would make Jill a very dull girl indeed—no, I don't mean what you may think I mean!

Not Really More.

About spring fashions. It can't be said that skirts are going to any great lengths in the matter of reform; and what a bodice gains up the back it generally loses down the front, whenever that is possible, so you will readily understand, without more elaborate explanation, that there's not really

Never believe the people who say that the sportswoman has no taste in dress.

much more to a woman's gown than there was a few weeks ago. Now and again you do find a sleeve that deserves the name. It comes down almost to the wrist, and has a bell-shaped opening. "That's good," you think. "How nice that the dress people and fashion are really beginning to show signs of sanity." Remembering that your own arms are not your strongest point, you feel almost "purry" with satisfaction, until a whole procession of models with arms as nature made them, and wearing bodices slit almost to the waist at either side, comes as a sad reminder that sleeve-wearers will most likely be in the minority. It's a hard world in many ways for the woman who wants to be right up to date. Indulgence in the modish dress of the moment often necessitates visits to the beauty specialist; and though the price of clothes has undeniably fallen somewhat, dressing is still far from being a cheap business—certainly no one wants deliberately to add to the necessary outlay.



Sailor-hats are making another bid for popularity.

What to Choose? So many people are fond of talking as if dressing were the simplest matter in the world. Whereas, of course, it is really a very complicated business, making many demands on the dresser. To begin with, styles are so varied; and now that fashion has made up her mind that a high collar and long sleeves can properly form part of a modish equipment, it is really difficult to know how to manage without running the risk of a chill at least. There's a good deal of difference between a day frock carried out in the style mentioned and an evening dress; and even an afternoon gown shows very much more of its wearer to the outside world than a practical up-to-the-throat and down-to-the-wrist kind of dress. There's not the smallest use hoping to be able to conceal something "warm" under either an afternoon or evening dress, so you see the dress dilemma is really quite a serious one.

For the Sportswoman. Indeed, it's only the sports-woman who can rely on a certain amount of consistency in

regard to temperature in her clothes. Never believe the people who talk pitifully of the athletic girl and her dress. The best brains in the dress world are concentrated on evolving special garments for her use, and she at least is not constrained to wear trans-



Country gloves are none the worse for a bit of trimming.

parencies in georgette in a temperature that makes one imagine the North Pole is not quite so far away as explorers would have us think. Ella Fulton has sketched some sports clothes on this page. Could any unprejudiced person find them other than extraordinarily becoming? The skirt, with its emphatic check, can't easily be overlooked, anyhow; but that sleeveless coat deserves particular mention, if only because it is of suède. Being sleeveless, it is not exactly a warmth-producing addition to the toilette; but then it looks nice, and what more can any woman want? Suède, too, is used for the scarf and cap, to which, by way of decoration, the designer gives a frieze, as it were, in vivid colours. This is hand-painted, and no doubt the notion will commend itself to artistic owners of plain models.

Hand-Painted.

Hand-painted hats are amongst the newcomers in the dress world, or, if not strictly speaking newcomers, then old friends in a new form. Bold designs decorate a background of Chinese straw that suggests closely woven canvas, and is very pliable, and it is hardly necessary to say no other decoration is necessary. Another "sporting" hat medium looks rather like loosely woven buckram, and is used in conjunction with the same kind of material in another colour that is employed as a binding, and forms, too, the hat-band, finished with a perky and rather stiff little bow. Folded caps in wool stockinet with a tassel on one side are attractive to the eye and becoming to wear; and, as the "hatless" brigade is a fairly large one these days, the presence of the tassel does not matter, as the cap is sure to be discarded during play.



When skirts are short enough to show so much stocking, that stocking must be nice.



Suède keeps cropping up in sports attire. This cap and scarf are both of suède, hand-painted.

Gorringes

Spring Fashions for the "Wee" Man



The "BUSTER"—Quite the daintiest little Suit for boys of 2½ to 5 years of age. The Knickers are of fine quality Mercerised Casement Cloth, and the top is of White Haircord Muslin with hand smocking to match Knickers. In Saxe, Champagne, Pink, Brown, or Green. Exceptional Value. First size 21/-

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The "ROMP"—A very pleasing style, particularly suitable for nursery wear. Made in a beautifully soft White Cotton (Balloon Fabric). The embroidery is ably carried out by hand, in Sky, Pink, or Canary. To fit boys of 2½ to 4 years. 26/6

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Attractive Millinery for Early Spring Wear



Attractive MUSHROOM HAT (as sketch) in fine quality Tagel straw, trimmed pleated ribbon cockade. In black, nigger, navy and a variety of fashionable colours.

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A 7
(as sketch)

A smartly-cut SHIRT in fine silk with attractive stripes in two-colour combinations of Mauve/Grey, Mauve/Pink, Saxe/Brown and Green/Brown. Very suitable for sports wear. Front fastened with pearl buttons; link cuff.

Sizes: 42, 44, 46, 48.

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bound and trimmed Ribbon to match. 40/-

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Rest Gown or Maternity Gown in rich soft satin. Princess underslip and full crossover bodice and sash cut all in one which ties into large bow, has a sailor collar at back and transparent sleeves to tone. In all colours and black.

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6/- per curler.

MISS HEATHER THATCHER, (the celebrated actress) writes:—"I am delighted with my Permanent Waving. It is a great boon to ladies with straight, lank or greasy hair, and I can thoroughly recommend it. I have given it a very good test at the seaside, in the rain and wind—and Oh! what a comfort."

Gérard et Cie
PERMANENT WAVE SPECIALISTS
World-renowned makers of Transformations, etc.

Only Address 102, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.1
Phone: Victoria 5327.

Established 1900.



Smart little "pull-on" hat in soft Straw, underlined georgette, trimmed narrow ribbon, with long ends at side. In all the new colours.

£2.12.6

Everything for Everybody's Wear.

PETER ROBINSON'S

SPECIAL DISPLAY OF

Spring Millinery

THIS WEEK

at 252-260 Regent St.



Soft "pull-on" hat, stitched with metal thread, trimmed band and bow of ribbon; brim can be worn up or down. In all colours.

21/9



Becoming "WREN" Hat in Pedal Straw, embroidered in Silk, in contrasting shades, trimmed satin ribbon band and 5½ Gns bow at back



Useful Satin Hat with turned-up brim; smartly finished with bow and long ends at side. In royal, 35/9 rust, navy, nigger or black



Attractive Lace Hat, daintily trimmed with a spray of French flowers. In royal, rust, grey or black ... 5 Gns



Becoming Satin hat, trimmed with a smart band of French flowers. In black, nigger, navy and rust ... £3.19.6



Useful "pull-on" hat in black Satin, trimmed flowers, underlined georgette in contrasting colours 30/-



These HATS CANNOT be sent on approval.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., Oxford St. & Regent St., W.I.

Wonderful Value in New Spring Silk Georgette TEAFROCKS

This attractive Teafrock is adapted from an exclusive Paris model by our workers in rich pure Silk Georgette, which was freely sold last season at 12/6 per yard.

SMART TEAFROCK (as sketch) in rich quality Silk Georgette, lined throughout with fine cream lace, and pleated panel at side outlined with fine silver trimming and finished belt of Georgette with trail of flowers in contrasting shades. In powder blue, primrose, turquoise, flame, sky, mauve, apricot, sand, grey, jade, peacock, brown, tan, champagne, rose, white, black and white, mole, rust, royal, mulberry, black, coral, pink, navy and saxe.

PRICE
98/6



PATENT LACE SHOE
(as sketch), straight toe cap, solid leather Cuban heel. Reliable quality. Price 29/6 per pair.



A Clever Paris Model in Tricot

Cut on simple flowing lines, this clever Paris Model is sure to please the woman who values both comfort and appearance. It is made of firm Suède-finished Tricot, edged with narrow plush. Made in White, Rose, Sky, or Biscuit. Depth 13 ins. Two pairs of Suspenders.

In sizes 21 to 25.

22/6

Write for art folder, "Examples of Modern Corsetry" — a beautifully illustrated brochure — sent post free, together with name of nearest agent.

"Art steps in
where Nature fails."



Worth's Corsets

LTD.
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London, E.C.1

Model
No. 231.

Debenham
& Freebody
DEBENHAMS LTD.
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London, W.



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Good box calf
middle-weight sole.
Reduced price—35/-

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DELTA 305 sold in 1920 at 42/-. The price to-day is 35/-, although producers and distributors will lose a considerable sum by re-marking present stock.

You will remember that during the war when shoe prices rose quickly Delta prices lagged behind—you got the benefit of earlier, lower prices, branded on the sole. To-day leather costs less and Delta prices are revised to correspond.

Delta 305 is substantial enough to keep the feet warm and dry on cold, wet days, light enough to wear in the summer. An economical boot that will wear well. Obtainable of all Delta agents, in 40 sizes and fittings.

Delta

9

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(late of Harrow) PEDIGREE
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HOUSE PROTECTION, etc.,
from 10 Gns. PUPS 7 Gns.
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WHITE
& BLUE**
For Breakfast & after Dinner.



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has that distinction of style and quality of workmanship only found where the skilled Craftsman and Artist work hand in hand. The designs are original, and have a quiet dignity found in none of the many imitations now being offered as "like Dryad."

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ORISAL Tooth Brush, hygienically
constructed, that is both a massaging
and cleansing brush ... 2/6

Of all Chemists, or direct,

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77 George St., Portman Square, W.1

PRE-WAR VALUE IN CREPE-DE-CHINE UNDERWEAR

WE have specially designed and made in our own workrooms a large number of inexpensive nightdresses in Crêpe-de-Chine, etc., of which sketch is a typical example. The materials used are of our well-known high standard of quality, and despite greatly increased labour costs these garments are now being sold at approximately pre-war prices.

Dainty good quality Crêpe-de-Chine NIGHTDRESS trimmed with hemstitching round neck, sleeves, and also down the sides, forming a new sleeve line. In pink, mauve, sky, and ivory.

Price 29/6

GLOVES At Special Prices.

3-Button pique Sewn
Mocha finish French
Suede for hard wear, in
tan, slate and black.
6/11 per pair.
3-Button best Brussels
Kid in assorted colours
5/11 per pair.

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SNELGROVE**
VERE-STREET AND OXFORD-STREET
LONDON W1

Write for Catalogue.



NEW KNITTED WOOL JUMPER

Made of soft Cashmere yarn, in the new lace-stitch, very light in weight but warm in wear. Made in following colours only:—
Purple, Copper, Jade, Reseda, Helio, Grey, Saxe, Dark Rose, Navy.

29/6

Special Display of CARPETS.

During this week we are devoting the whole of our windows to an exhibition of PLAIN CARPETS and ORIENTAL RUGS. This display will be of great interest, as it shows the excellent range of colourings in various qualities and makes now in stock.

*Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge*

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

We have always in stock a wonderful variety of smart and dainty garments suitable for little boys and girls.

DAINTY FROCK (as sketch) for little girl in good quality lawn with Pierrot design, trimmed frills edged tiny hem, entirely hand-sewn. In white with pink design and blue ribbon, white and blue with cherry ribbon, white and mauve with yellow ribbon, also yellow and blue and cherry ribbon.

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Size for 2 years	25/9
" " 3 "	29/6
" " 4 "	33/9
" " 5 "	37/6

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We have always in stock a wonderful variety of Infants' Garments, Short Coating Outfits, Cots and Baskets, all exclusive in design and made from the best quality materials. Illustrated catalogue post free.

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& Freebody**

DEBENHAMS LIMITED
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(Cavendish Square) London, W.1



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The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar Topees, and Double Terais in the World. Models particularly suitable for India, Nigeria, Egypt, South Africa, etc.

By Special
Appointment to
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Alexandra,
H.M. the Queen
of Norway.

ROBERT HEATH
of Knightsbridge.



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ANDRÉ HUGO'S



AND THE "BOBBED VICTORS,"

also depicted, from 63/- the pair.

When adjusted these give the modish turned inwards effect at sides and back, while obligingly spreading out over the ears and on to the cheek to give the softening effect that goes so well with the Season's Millinery.

180, SLOANE STREET, LONDON.

Artistic Creations are the recognised fashions in hair dressing all over the world.

"THE GIRLYCURL"

A Back Roll of Naturally Curly Hair mounted on an invisible featherweight foundation, and without which no modern evening coiffure is complete.

Price from

63/-

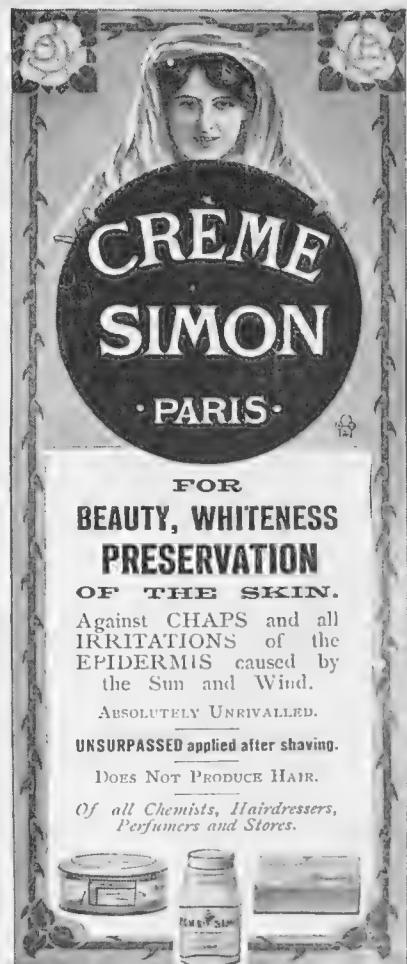
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HUGO'S**

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cannot be equalled for comfort and elegance to the wearer; their high quality and inimitable designs have gained a wide reputation.

From £12 12s.



NEW SPRING CRÊPE-DE-CHINE BLOUSES AT PRE-WAR PRICES

WE have specially designed and made in our own work-rooms a large number of inexpensive Crêpe-de-Chine Blouses, of which sketch is a typical example. The materials used are of our well-known high standard of quality and despite greatly increased labour costs, these garments are now being sold at approximately pre-war prices.

New OVERBLOUSE in heavy Crêpe-de-Chine, with attractive roll collar edged pleated Malines lace, which fastens to one side with Crepe button. The back is gathered into small frill which falls over the skirt. In ivory, lemon, flesh, egg-blue, and black.

Price 29/6

GLOVES
At Special Prices.
3-Button pique Sewn
Mocha finish French
Suede for hard wear in
tan, slate and black.
6/11 per pair.
3-Button best Brussels
Kid in assorted colours
5/11 per pair.



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LONDON W1

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**Tasteful
HATS**



A smart and very distinctive Mushroom Hat in an excellent quality satin. It is prettily trimmed with the new fancy metal straw on the crown. Colours: Copper, nigger, navy or black. Price **3½ Gns**

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SPORTS COATS
for Early Spring Wear

Perfect fitting, attractive and becoming, and at the same time practical and useful, specially designed for early Spring wear.

KNITTED SILK COAT (as sketch), made in good quality yarn in a wide ribbed stitch in the popular Cardigan shape. A useful garment for indoor or outdoor wear. In a large range of artistic shades.

PRICE
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GLACE KID SHOE
as sketch, medium heel, best
quality workmanship and finish
Price 52/6
Also in Patent Leather at the same price

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We will send this handsome
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Desti
**AMBRÉE PERFUMED
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THE case is of compressed double card—nattily embellished in Parisian design of gold, black and red, dainty and artistic, yet strong and serviceable. Delysia considers it to be "très chic."

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From high-class tobacconists everywhere, also obtainable from the following Clubs, Restaurants and Stores:—Embassy, Murray's, Ciro's, Piccadilly, Trocadero, Romano's, Criterion, Sherry's, Cavour, Café Royal, Selfridges, Marshal & Snelgrove, Harrod's, Barker's, Haymarket Stores, &c.



Sample box of 25 assorted
tippings will be sent on
receipt of P.O. for 6/6.
Also send name of usual
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GRENSON
REGD.

SHOES FOR MEN

The Footwear oft proclaims the man.

Mere smartness is not good form in dress—and in the matter of Boots and Shoes, refinement, quality and soundness are essentials which mark the well-groomed man.



No. 7690
Specially selected box calf, with calf lining through to toe, stout soles, real Hand-Sewn Welts. (May also be had in Toney Shade Willow Calf.)

GRENSON Shoes for Men are made for the man who is as careful about his Shoes as about his Linen and his Tailoring.

Only the finest leathers are used for the various styles, many of which are made with Real Hand-sewn Welts, giving the maximum of comfort. GRENSON Shoes are all reasonable in price, and full satisfaction is guaranteed to both foot and pocket.

Many GRENSON styles may be had with the guaranteed waterproof Dri-ped Double-wear Super Leather Soles, marked with the purple diamond.



Ask at any high-class retailers for "Grenson" Shoes and see the name "GRENSON" on every pair.

Manufacturers: WM. GREEN & SON, Rushden, Northants.

**The
PYTCHLEY HUNT
SAUCE**

The sauce which makes a
good dinner perfect



"Why, dear, this is excellent. I've never enjoyed a meal more. No more dinners at the club for me."

"I'm so glad, George dear, I was afraid dinner would be a failure. But it's wonderful what a difference the addition of a little

PYTCHLEY HUNT SAUCE

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Of all Grocers and Stores 1/2 and 2/- a bottle.

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WORLD FAMED INSTRUMENTS

The MARSHALL & ROSE PIANOFORTE

in the making has been treated with the same care and tenderness as a rare violin; it is the supreme outcome of years of experience and steady striving after an ideal: every part of it has literally been trained towards perfection, and the result is an instrument of superlatively sympathetic qualities which is almost human in its responsiveness.

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which is embodied in the Marshall & Rose, enables anyone to play all music on this superb instrument more correctly, more completely, more artistically and more "humanly" than any other player-piano in the world. In short, to render music with absolute technical perfection and complete musical expression.

May we demonstrate these instruments to you? A visit would be appreciated, or we should be pleased to send illustrated catalogue on hearing from you.

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SIR HERBERT MARSHALL & SONS LTD.
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The enormous difference in value between a fabric which fades and one which is fadeless is obvious.

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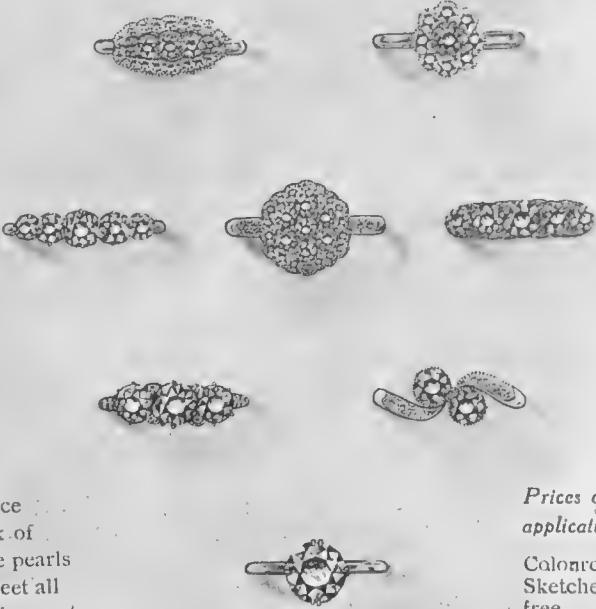


Weight for Weight
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prime rich Beef.

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Diamond Engagement Rings.

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WARING & GILLOW'S WHITE SALE

OF HOUSEHOLD & FANCY LINENS. FEB. 28.—MARCH 12. NOW PROCEEDING.



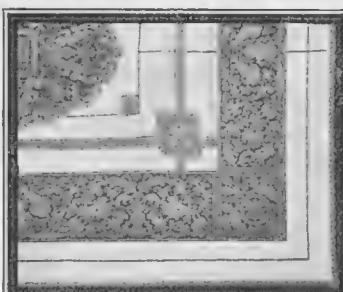
Tea Cloth, trimmed fine hand-made Cluny lace, mounted on Irish linen. 45 by 45 ins. Usual price 69/6
Special sale price 49/6.
 (as illustration).

Charming and exclusive design in Fancy Lace Table Centres in oval shape. Size 14 by 20 ins
 Usual price 10/6
Special sale price 7/6 each.

250 pairs Superfine Quality Pure Longcloth Sheets with fancy hem-stitched tops. Size 2 by 3½ yards.
 Usual price 75/-
Special sale price 55/6 pair.

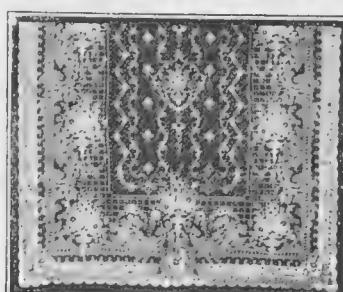
Size 2½ by 3½ yds.
 Usual price 89/6
Special sale price 67/6 pair.

The Specimen Bargains described are merely examples of the wonderful values to be obtained.
 Come Early.



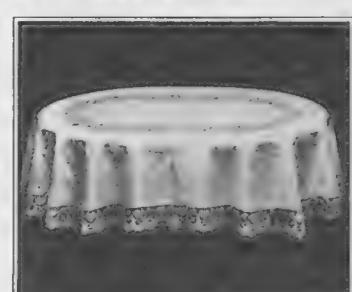
A Bedspread in imitation of Hand-made Filet Lace. Size 75 by 100 ins.
 Usual price 35/6
Special sale price 27/6

Size 96 by 112 ins.
 Usual price 47/6
Special sale price 37/6



LACE CURTAIN.
 No. 5845/D. 60 ins. by 3½ yds.
 Usual price 29/6
Special sale price 22/6

Dainty Net Cushion Cover.
 Size 22 by 22 ins. Usual price 5/6
Special sale price 3/11 each



75 only, Handsome Lace and Double Damask Table Cloth, exceptional value and exclusive design in oval and oblong, Size 2 by 2½ yds.
 Usual price 115/6
Special sale price 89/6 each.

A stock of Down Quilts, covered in best quality down proof sateen, in choice colourings and assorted designs, No. 1, with panel and border or plain colours.
 Size 5 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft.
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Special sale price 39/6

No. 2, with wide insertion border of plain sateen. Size 6 ft. by 4 ft.
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SESEL PEARLS

Sessel Pearls are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process, which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.

The "Sphere" says:—
 "A row of wonderful Sessel reproduction Pearls will amply satisfy even the most fastidious taste."



Sessel Pearls are positively superior to any others existing. Every Necklet, in fact every pearl made in our laboratories is an exact and faithful reproduction of a real pearl, the minutest details being studied in their manufacture.

The "Bystander" says:—
 "In colour, weight, and general appearance there is absolutely nothing to choose between the two pieces."

Sessel Clasp with Sessel Emerald, Sapphire or Ruby centre.

Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls with 18-ct. Gold Clasp, in case, £4 : 4 : 0

From £2 : 2 : 0

Diamonds, Pearls, Old Gold, Silver, etc., Purchased for Cash or taken in exchange.

Illustrated Brochure No. 1 on request post free.

Sessel Pearls can only be obtained direct from

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SUMMER!

And a "KELVIN" MOTOR LAUNCH on RIVER, LOCH, ESTUARY or OPEN SEA.

THINK OF IT!
 BUT—THINK OF IT NOW!

Last year we sold over 100 complete Motor Launches, and the demand was such that only one would-be buyer in ten secured a Launch. Think of it now, before the rush comes. This is the ideal healthful motoring. Inexpensive, too! No tyre bills, no punctures, no garage charges, no license duty, no high-priced petrol (the fuel is cheap paraffin).

KELVIN COMPLETE
 MOTOR LAUNCHES
Delivered from Stock.
 OVER 40 MODELS.
 Write for Launch Catalogue No. 6.

DOBBIES LOAN,
 THE BERGIUS LAUNCH & ENGINE CO., Ltd. GLASGOW.

TALES WITH A STING—PEARLS.—[Continued from page 328.]

of translucent: . . . Well, the pearls came down the spout into his hand.

He had the pearls safe—but the thief, he must get the thief, too. He shoved the pearls into his coat pocket and ran back to the gate. His man indicated a casually strolling figure. Titus nipped after it.

The figure was very casual, but its movements were strangely rapid. It turned out of Pork Lane. It turned out of the turning out of Pork Lane. It went in and out of streets in a tantalising manner. Titus could not catch it. He doubled his speed, span round a corner, found himself in the scented heart of a mews. Also something hard and prompt was probing his solar plexus. He stopped short and gasped.

"I say. . . . I say. . . . What's that? . . . What's this?"

"A 'forty-eight' Webley, brother," smiled Pepin. "Guaranteed to bore unflinchingly through the toughest product of Scotland Yard. Pearls in the right-hand pocket—even so. Have you noticed, Watson, how bi-pedal man inevitably thrusts things into his right-hand pocket? And now your face to the wall, laddie. How obedient! I don't want to hurt you after all you've done. Didn't see how on earth I was to get those really attractive pearls away with all your police massing round. Almost despaired until I saw how keen you were to take a hand. That keenness, now—I must write to Freud about it, or should it be Jung? I banked on it. I banked on it, bringing me the pearls. No, don't move. . . . I'm only cutting through your braces. . . . Good trick, isn't it? Does so impede the impulse to chase. . . . Which reminds me, I must run off myself. Good-night; keep your hands in your trousers pockets and all will be well"

And so he ran away. THE END.

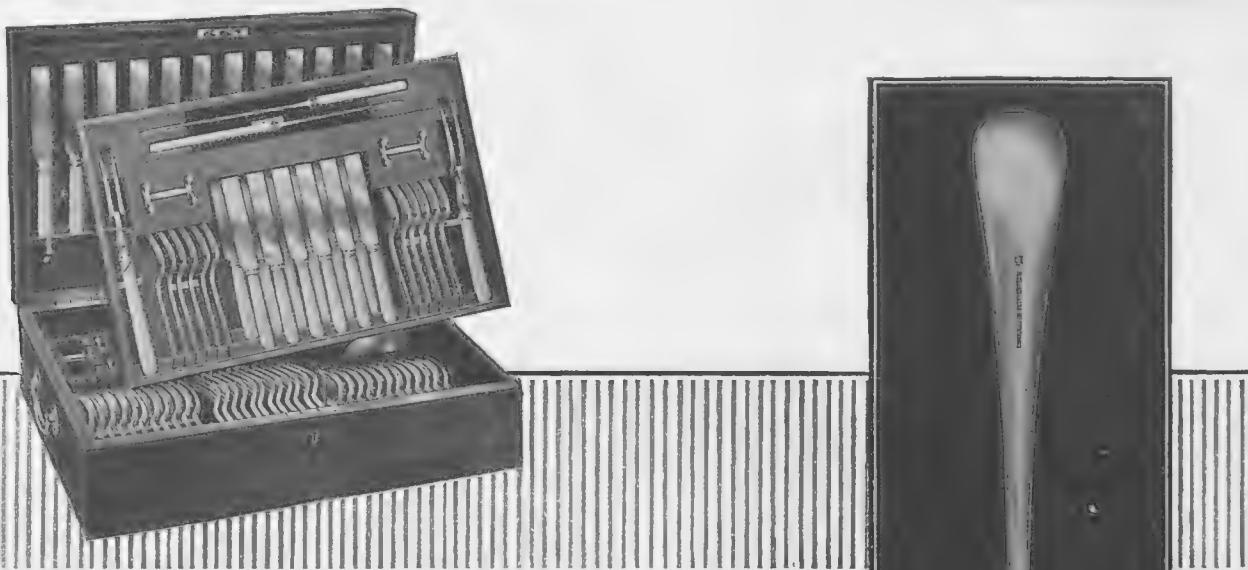
The Editor regrets that in our issue of Feb. 23 the portrait of Mrs. George Witherby was published as that of Mrs. H. D. W. Dudley. Mrs. George Witherby is the daughter of the late Mr. Graham Ponsonby Moore, a great-grandson of the fifth Earl of Drogheda. Both she and her husband are keen on sport, and hunt with the Whaddon Chase. They have twins, Diana and Anthony, born in 1915. The mistake in connection with Mrs. Witherby's portrait arose from the fact that the photographer described it as being a portrait of Mrs. H. D. W. Dudley.

Serious Matters
in Skirts.

Are our skirts to be longer or shorter? The question is not so vital as several of those being discussed in the picture gallery of St. James's Palace. It stands, however, a fair chance of being answered in similar fashion—"As you were," or "Do as you please." There are skirts among the new models even shorter than those that have been worn. There are others that are looked on askance as yet, because they alter the silhouette, and that is a serious step in fashion. They are, however, rather alluring, and do not foreshorten the figure. A slight distension is observable in some; this requires even graver deliberation, and is, I think, likely to find most favour with the "more than common tall" who can afford to keep themselves to themselves, and are not obliged to herd in trains and 'buses.

A Dandy Dog. "The right kind of dog for a lady" runs an advertisement in one of those periodicals which profess to know the right thing for everybody and to be ready to supply the same. Well, the lady went to see the right kind of dog, and found him a meek-looking, faithful-eyed Dandy Dinmont. His price was high, but he looked very wistful, and that finished the deal. The lady loves him dearly, but doubt exists even in her mind as to his being the right kind of dog for her. He has declared war on two other Dandies of the neighbourhood, and damaged them to the extent of plaster to their owners in the shape of several Treasury notes. He has frightened the postman, who declines to come nearer to the house than the drive gate. He is death on cats and kittens, and has established a reputation that will not endear the house to burglars—which is the one justification of his character as the right kind of dog for a lady. To his own particular lady he shows other justifications, and she loves him.

A Saucy Story. In early Victorian days a scientific old chemist gentleman got tired of compounding mixtures that nobody liked. He bethought himself one evening, over his charmingly cheap early Victorian fire, that he would turn his knowledge and some of the choice things he had in store into a mixture which everyone would like, and would be quite as good for them as the disagreeable draughts he made up at medico's orders. He was a brainy old boy, and what he achieved was a refined and most excellent sauce. It had a great run, but in course of time he passed away, and no one made the sauce save members of his family for their own use. The recipe was preserved in family archives, [Continued overleaf]



PRINCE'S PLATE SPOONS & FORKS

POLISHED Oak Cabinet completely fitted with Prince's Plate Spoons and Forks and "Tusca" (imitation ivory) handled Cutlery for 12 persons.

CONTENTS.

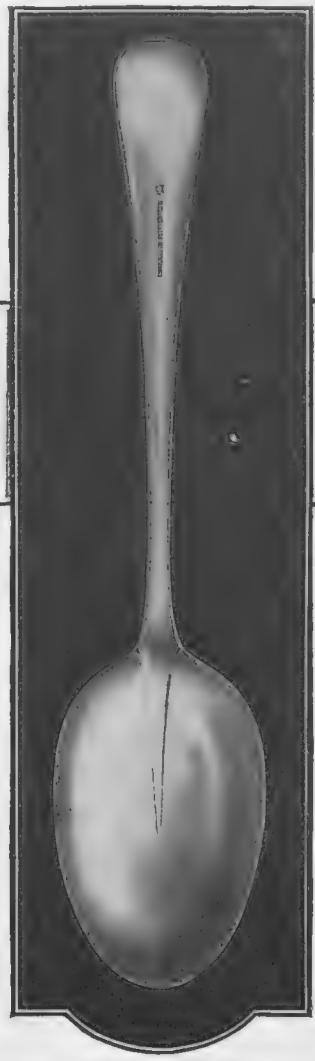
12 Table Knives	12 Table Forks
12 Cheese Knives	12 Table Spoons
1 Pair Meat Carvers	12 Dessert Forks
1 Pair Game Carvers	12 Dessert Spoons
1 Steel	1 Sauce Ladle
1 Pair Knife Rests	1 Soup Ladle

£31 : 12 : 6

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LONDON





Prestige

Fashion demands smartness; Commonsense—durability. They meet in Walk-Over footwear. The prestige of this famous brand is such that though we are lowering the price we cannot afford to lower the quality. Mass production is bringing the cost down, and skilled workmanship is consistently maintaining the prestige of Walk-Over. Special attention given to Orders received by Post.

Walk-Over BOOTS & SHOES

WALK-OVER SHOE CO. George E. Keith, British Stores Ltd.

Head Office: 372, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.

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THE QUAICH AS A CHRISTENING GIFT



THIS Silver Quaich as a Child's Porringer is really good. Cleanliness in any food vessel is essential, especially in that used by a child. The plainness of the Quaich makes it easy to clean; there is no ornamentation in which dirt can lurk. An infant invariably uses both hands for holding; there are two handles on the Quaich for it to grip. Moreover, in late life this Quaich makes an excellent Sugar Basin. In conception and manufacture the Quaich is purely Scottish. Each of our silver reproductions has been made in our Factory, and as such bears the Hall Mark of Edinburgh:



Please enclose cheque with order; if not approved a refund will be made.

Silver Quaich, diam. 4", £4 10 0; Silver Spoon, £1 5 0; Case, £1 10 0

BROOK & SON, 87, GEORGE ST. WEST,
EDINBURGH.



M. PAUL FRANZ,

The World-famous Operatic Singer

(Of the Paris Grand Opera, and Covent Garden, London)
writes:—

"It affords me pleasure to state that I have used Phosferine since 1912 and have derived practically invaluable benefit from it. All through the war, when serving in the French Army, I had a supply with me. The nervous strain on an operatic singer is very great, but despite the tremendous call made upon me when I created 'La Legende de St. Christophe' at the Paris Opera House last year, and quite recently at the revival of 'La Valkyrie,' I am pleased to say that Phosferine acted as a fine tonic in enabling me to bear the nervous strain without undue fatigue. I find your Phosferine so reliable, and think that it has most certainly helped to strengthen my voice."—4th February, 1921.

"ACADEMIE NATIONALE DE MUSIQUE ET DE DANSE, PARIS."

This world-famous Operatic singer is entirely satisfied he owes the unflagging strength and volume, the unfailing control of his vocal nerves, to the re-energising qualities of Phosferine—Phosferine ensures his nerve organisms produce a sufficiency of vital force to maintain that unvarying perfection which gives him so pre-eminent a position on the operatic stage.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see that you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Influenza
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Exhaustion
Nervous Debility

Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
Premature Decay
Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite

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Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

SPECIAL BUSINESS NOTE Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for Business Men and Women, all Outdoor Workers, Travellers, Sportsmen, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is required. The 3/- tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. Prices, 1/3, 3/- and 5/- The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.

Continued.]
and has now come to be made again as the Pytchley Hunt Sauce. It is the property of Reynard and Co., Liverpool; but any grocer, Italian warehouse, or stores will supply it. Once tasted, connoisseurs will desire that it is always at hand.

They Don't Without doubt, for stay-
Like It. at-home folk, this is
proving a dull Lent.

Hardly a dance in private houses. Those who regard dancing as necessary, and sometimes enjoyable, exercise get it at clubs or public rooms. Bridge and auction bridge are a solid sort of evening occupation in which some strangely constituted people find all the pleasure they want; others, less curiously constituted, find winning these games helpful in meeting bad times. I wonder how much more the scheme of taxing so heavily those who used to entertain and keep the ball rolling will show up. Decidedly there are already a great many people in London who see the strike of the geese that used to lay the golden eggs as one of the worst of this species of social sickness, and it has been forced on the poor things, for certainly they don't like it!

Unhappy With most ungentle touch
Without It. does Mr. East Wind scurry
about our faces, leaving
them rough, red, and uncomfortable for his attentions. If we are not careful, the results will be still more dire. If we use Crème Simon, which can be had from any good chemist, then we can afford to laugh at East Wind, or any other wind; also at sun or sea; because there is no finer preservative of the whiteness and beauty of the complexion. It is such nice stuff to use, too, so emollient and so subtly smelling, not perfumed at all, but redolent of exquisite ingredients. Few women who love their skins—are there any that do



An evening dress heavily embroidered in terra-cotta over a black-satin skirt, slashed at the side to reveal the scarlet stockings.

not, I wonder?—are without their box, or jar, of Crème Simon, or, if they are temporarily bereft of it, are very unhappy.

Not Scandalous. With wide and horror-stricken eyes, a man—well, he looks like one—told me that he had seen a girl smoking when riding in the Park; did I not think it scandalous? I did not, and said so. If a girl enjoys a cigarette in a restaurant after dinner and lunch, and at tea, why should she not do so in the open air, where it would do her less harm? I saw that someone had seen a woman smoking a pipe in a very smart motor-car, and knocking the ashes out on the mudguard in business-like style. Even that leaves me cold. If one smokes, what on earth does the form of the medium matter? Personally, I very greatly prefer the smell of good "baccy" smoked in a pipe to any cigarette or cigar, and the nice, twisty, bubbly pipes of the East are quite fascinating.

Incorrigible Can anyone invent a
Vagrants. bag warranted not to
stray? Sometimes one
seems to be possessed by the wander-lust. My own has cost me eight shillings in one week, for its restoration on two occasions. It has contracted a habit of falling off my arm just as I leave the railway carriage, when it has a short trip by itself and comes back next day. A friend tells me that taxis are the favourite haunts of her choice possession in bags; another tells me that hers loves 'buses. All these vagrant satchels come back; none of their owners carry money in them, which may in some sense account for their homing qualities. An old lady tells me, however, a horrible tale of having lost three bags in two months—where do you think but in church! And they were expensive bags.

INSIST ON Jeyes' IT PAYS. Refuse Substitutes.

FLUID

*The World's Best Disinfectant
for over quarter of a century*

JEYES' HAIR TONIC

2/6 PER BOTTLE quickly promotes a clean luxuriant growth of the hair
SOLD EVERYWHERE

No matter for what purpose a disinfectant is needed—Jeyes' is the *best*. Jeyes' does all it claims to do and does *all* that any disinfectant *can do*. It is *economical* to buy Jeyes'. Try a shilling bottle. It makes 10 gallons of the most efficient disinfectant. Use Jeyes' as a *preventative* of disease. Jeyes' has been the world's best disinfectant for over a quarter of a century. Sold by leading Stores and Chemists everywhere

JEYES' SANITARY COMPOUNDS CO. LTD.

By Appointment to H.M. the King

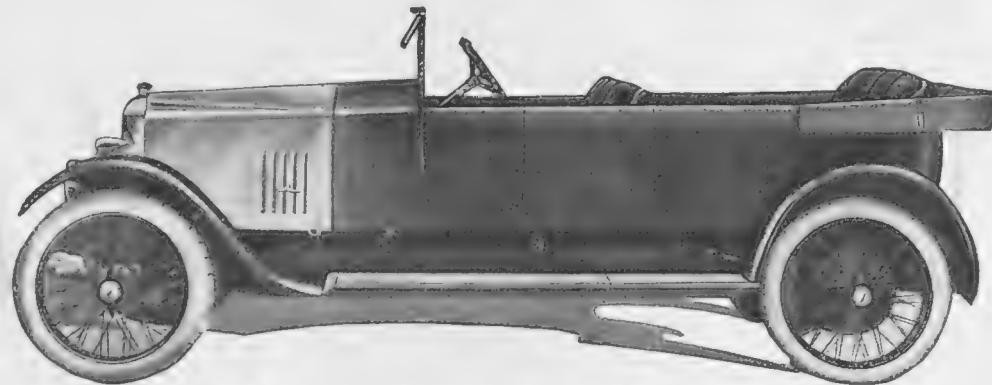
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have the undermentioned brand new Vauxhall cars, for immediate delivery, on view in their showrooms. Three years' chassis guarantee and free inspection service.

25 h.p. Vauxhall-Kington open car (illustrated) -	£1450	30-98 h.p. Vauxhall-Velox (sporting) open car -	£1675
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Sole wholesale and retail agents for Vauxhall cars in London, Middlesex Herts, Essex, Kent, Surrey, Bucks and Berks (part)

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Limited

Established 1823

A Charming
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Useful Gift.**UNPRECEDENTED OFFER.**Whilst the present Stock lasts, our Special
GUINEA Morocco Wrist Bag
is reduced to 17/6
Postage gd. extra.

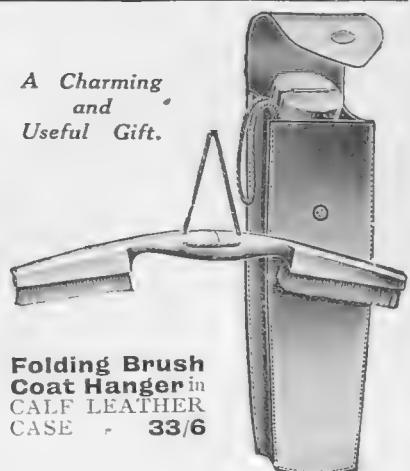
Colours: Navy, Brown, Purple & Black.

Lady's Brown **Smooth Hide** Week-end or empty **Dressing Case**,
with drawn MOIRETTE POCKETS to carry OWN FITTINGS.

16 x 12½ x 6 £3 10 0	18 x 13 x 6 £4 0 0	20 x 13½ x 6 £4 10 0	22 x 14 x 6 £5 0 0
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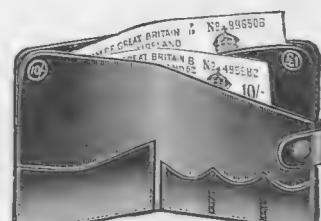
SUPERIOR QUALITY **Rolled Hide**, deep pattern,

16 x 13 x 7 £5 10 0	18 x 14 x 7 £6 5 0	20 x 14 x 7 £7 0 0	22 x 14½ x 7 £7 15 0
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Folding Brush
Coat Hanger in
CALF LEATHER
CASE - 33/6

Lady's Morocco Purse
with TREASURY NOTE FOLD.
Inner fastening 12/6
SUPERIOR QUALITY ... 17/6
SEAL LEATHER 19/6
Postage 6d.

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Receive careful and prompt
attention.

Goods not approved may be
exchanged or cash refunded.

Half - size **Treasury Note**
Case with pockets for stamps and cards.
PIGSKIN 15/9
SOFT CALF 16/9
Postage 6d.

268-270, OXFORD ST., W.1

187, REGENT ST., W.1 67, PICCADILLY, W.1

81-84, LEADENHALL ST., LONDON, E.C.3

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"IN the spring a young man's fancy——"

"I think the autumn would be a more appropriate season for you and me——"

"Sirrah, I would have thee know that some people never grow old."

"That was meant to be understood as applying to ladies only. Now we——"

"I protest. Only this morning my wife told me how much nicer I would look in a new spring suit. 'Go it, my dear,' said I. 'Having just paid my income-tax——'

"She told you to buy a new hat as well."

"She did. How did you know? And she also suggested that it was time I invested in a new safety razor. Ever tried these?"

He handed *The Sketch* across the little table.

His friend laughed. "It's very plain to me that your wife wants something for her doubtless charming self, my boy, else she wouldn't be so particular about dressing up an old fos——"

"Have you finished with the paper?" another man happily interposed. "I want to see if I can find a special kind of cigarette. Thanks. Sure you've done with it?"

Our Stroller couldn't help hearing the little dialogue, and, smiling himself, instinctively stroked his chin.

"It might be smoother," he soliloquised, keeping a careful eye on the man reading the paper. "I daresay— Why, there's old Potash. And without Perlmutter this time. *Tant mieux pour moi.*"

The House man came up and greeted him cordially. "You're the first client I've seen for days," he cried.

All the other men in the place looked up. Looked up astonished, so rare is the appearance of a client near the Stock Exchange these times.

"Now, shall we talk Oil?" inquired the broker winningly. "Or Rubber? Home Rails or the War Loan? Vickers, Dunlops, Radio Corporation or Levers? Anything you like."

"I'm rather off Industrials," confessed Our Stroller.

"In which respect you're not the only pebble on the beach. The truth is that we are all in them up to the naked neck, and—we wish we weren't."

"Nothing to do but sit tight, I suppose?"

"To be perfectly honest—— You get on with your food," he broke off to tell another man who had raised his head inquiringly.

"To be perfectly," he repeated, "frank, I should say that we ought to sell a good many of our Industrial holdings. But you can't do it. Man, we cannot dare to take the loss that such sales would cost us."

"If it's going to save us from losing more money——"

"We don't know that it will. All one can do is to go on hoping for the best, and——"

"When it comes to living on one's capital, as lots of people are having to do nowadays, you may find yourself compelled to sell something."

"Then, in that case, get rid of your Vickers and Armstrongs, Dunlops and Courtaulds, Cunards and Amalgamated Cotton. And *hoc genus omne.*"

"You're very sweeping."

"It's weeping I am, in suggesting such a thing, because it looks dead wrong to get out at what ought to be the bottom."

"We can always console ourselves," remarked another broker, "with the promise to buy back our shares if the prices go lower."

"What about British Glass and things like that?"

"Pyrotan Leather is another."

"Oh, there are heaps, layers of them, mountains. Things with no chance of early recovery——"

"You should try some of those salts when you get up in the morning," advised Our Stroller. "They're really quite effective, and you might find them useful for your present complaint."

"That's right, Sir. He is, if I may say so, the very epitome of the whole Stock Exchange just now. Capel Court *in petto*, so to speak."

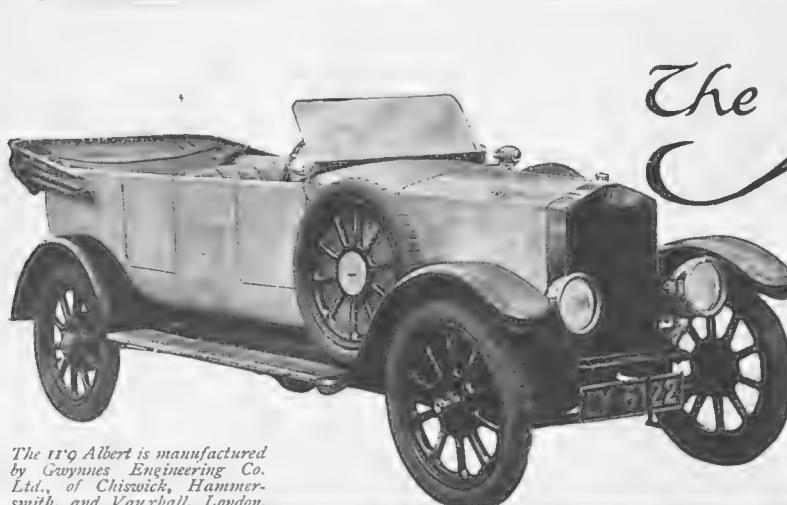
"You can tell by my friend's accent," said the broker, "that he is pure Florentine bred."

"Ex the butter, for which he must once more go and laboriously search," laughed the other. "But you're a regular Dismal Jimmie; and feeling perilously inclined that way myself, I'll remove my presence from possible infection. Good-day, Sir," he nodded to Our Stroller.

"Quaint old bean, isn't he," commented the broker. "His father——" and he launched into the family history of his fellow-member, moral and financial, as none but a Stock Exchange man can do. "Coming along?"

Our Stroller tried to slip into the House, to be foiled, however, by the vigilance of a waiter who didn't seem even to be looking in his direction. Perforce he had to content himself with standing by the side of the steps. He bought an evening paper and read of the depression,

[Continued overleaf.]



The 1920 Albert is manufactured by Gwynnes Engineering Co. Ltd., of Chiswick, Hammersmith, and Vauxhall, London.

The Albert CAR

THE BEST BY FAR

We are now able to give Immediate Delivery of Two-Seater, Four-Seater and Coupé Models, also our Standard Chassis.

WRITE for the BOOK of the ALBERT CAR and the ALBERT SERVICE

Sole Concessionnaires: THE SERVICE MOTOR CO. LTD., "SERVICE HOUSE," (Dept. L), 94, GT. PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1
TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 3025 & 3026. TELEGRAMS: "SERAUTOCO, PHONE, LONDON."



Of all Wine Merchants.
Sole Proprietors: GRIERSON, OLDHAM & Co., Ltd.,
9, REGENT STREET LONDON, S.W.1



A lovely soft wine of perfect ruby colour, well-matured in wood.

It is very popular at many well-known clubs. 84/- per doz. Sample $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle 4/6 post paid.

Wine Price List on application

FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD & Co. Ltd
Head Office: LONDON BRIDGE, S.E.1
Also 1 New Broad St.: 219 Brompton Road; and
22 Henrietta St., Cavendish Sq., W.



Famous London Clubs
The Athenæum
 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

THE Athenæum Club House is of stately Grecian architecture, with a frieze reproduced exactly from the Parthenon at Athens. The Club itself was founded for the association of men of eminence in Science, Literature and Art. Its membership has always been strictly limited to men of learning and to famous patrons of education. The exponents of the Arts and Sciences, and of Education, have always sent their quota to the shrine of the Goddess Nicotine; and their cultured taste has placed them among the most exacting of her worshippers.

TONIDES Cigarettes possess just the qualities to retain the loyalty of such devotees. Their subtle fragrance, their exquisite flavour, their mellowness, their velvet smoothness, impart to TONIDES an individuality that demarcates them from any other blend, however choice. TONIDES are hand-made, full-flavoured, cool and gratifying.

Large Size Magnums: 2/6 for 25; 5/- for 50;
 10/- for 100.

Tonides No. 2
 1/- for 10; 1/10 for 20; 2/3 for 25; 4/6 for 50;
 9/- for 100.



"The box with
 the tilting tray."

TONIDES
 VIRGINIA-DE-LUXE
 CIGARETTES

The Robert Sinclair Tobacco Co., Ltd.
 85, New Bond Street, London, W.1 (near Oxford Street).

Continued. the weakness, the gloom that hung over the Stock Exchange. Anon came his broker and gratified his client's wish.

Inside, many men were singing; others were whistling a chorus in unison; some were playing extremely juvenile games; the majority were laughing and talking.

"Where's the gloom?" demanded Our Stroller, wanting to get his penny's-worth out of the newspaper.

"Gloom? What gloom?" asked the broker.

"Why, the gloom in this paper. It says—"

"Oh, I suppose it's some new advertising stunt. I don't profess to be sufficiently clever to understand newspaper tactics. They're beyond me altogether."

They walked over to the Foreign Market. There was business going on here.

The broker spoke to several jobbers in turn. They were all bullish. Mexicans, Brazilians, and Chinese Bonds were obvious favourites. Even of French Fours and Fives some of the dealers spoke kindly.

"It's the only market in the House where there's anything doing," said the broker, as they passed along. "Yes, Smith? Eh? This gentleman? Which one do you mean? That chap hurrying out of the door? Oh, I don't know him."

HERE AND THERE.

A provisional balance-sheet in connection with their issue of Debentures has been published by Messrs. Lever Brothers, and it reveals very clearly the difficulties which exist in the commercial world at present. We have here a Company with an issued capital of nearly £47,000,000, with only £50,000 cash in hand on Dec. 31 last. Creditors exceeded debtors to the tune of over £5,000,000, and we see little in the position upon which the directors can congratulate themselves.

* * * * *

The Raw Rubber Market has got a little war of its own on at present. A few months ago the brokers increased their brokerage on forward contracts, and the dealers raised little or no objection. Recently the latter suddenly struck and demanded a return to the old rates. Two brokers agreed to this, and are doing all the business that is being done in the Lane! The others, at present, are sitting tight and doing nothing. Considering that brokers guarantee the contracts, they are not overpaid at one per cent. We understand that one of them who found himself rather heavily committed tried to insure his contracts on Lloyds, and was quoted 2½ per cent., and that only for a very restricted amount.



Yardley's old English Lavender Soap

A century ago the "Beau Monde" were using "Yardley" Soaps, and these are still more fashionable to-day.

The extra-fine quality and beautiful perfume of Old English Lavender Soap make it the most delightful and popular of all fine quality Toilet Soaps.

Price 3/6 per box of 3 large tablets
Of all Chemists, Perfumers & Stores, and from

YARDLEY & CO., LTD., 8, New Bond St., London, W.1
Perfumery and Fine Soap Makers since 1770

The epidemic of losses among Greek shipping which occurs at a time when shipping profits are at a low ebb is curious to say the least of it. Greek political and commercial methods are perhaps similar.

* * * * *
Congratulations to our contemporary *Country Life* on its good showing for 1920. The net profit was £21,500, and that takes some making nowadays. "Floreat." * * * * *

The merits of the various "export credits" schemes continue to be discussed in conjunction with talk of stabilising exchanges. Unless the type of export is controlled, we fear that the result will be to depreciate still further some of the Continental exchanges. *Friday, Feb. 25, 1921.*

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2, and must reach the Office not later than Wednesday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired, the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for ten shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.
Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SANDGATE.—It would not be wise to average at present.

E. B.—The Prefs are a sound holding, but the yield on the Ordinary is hardly likely to be maintained.



By Appointment.

Exceptional Value in TAFFETA PETTICOATS

Exclusive in design and made in black, navy, nigger and artistic colours of rich quality soft finished taffeta. These petticoats are made by highly skilled workers, and the cut and finish is well up to that high standard of excellence with which the name of our house has for so many years been associated. An idea of the value of these garments can be gathered from the fact that the selling price of the Taffeta used is alone practically that at which we are offering the complete garments.

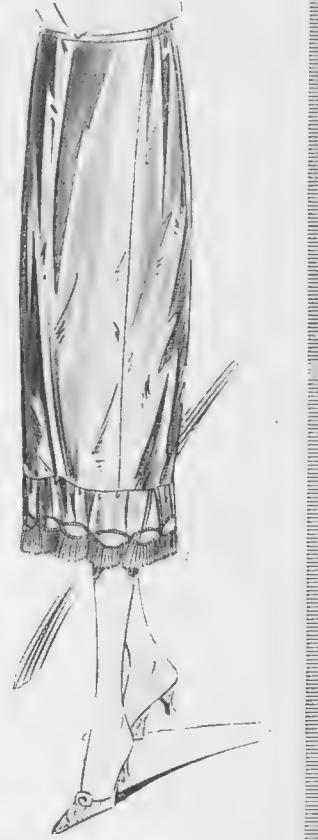
ATTRACTIVE PETTICOAT in a rich quality soft taffeta. Narrow flounce, embellished hemstitching and finished narrow kilted frill. Made in navy, black, and many beautiful shot 29/6

Special Display of CARPETS

During this week we are devoting the whole of our windows to an exhibition of PLAIN CARPETS and ORIENTAL RUGS. This display will be of great interest, as it shows the excellent range of colourings in various qualities and makes now in stock.

Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge S.W.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.



GOOCHS

VOGUE & VALUE

THREE characteristic examples of the new smart Gooch Hats; note the moderate prices. Inspect this week's displays, both of original Hats and Gowns, in our comfortable first-floor salons.



"THE BERKELEY"
Pedal Hat, trimmed with Ciré ribbon. Colours: Black, Navy, Tabac, Flame, Nigger & Grey.

Price 59/6



"THE BABETTE" Hat, in Tagel Straw, finished with narrow ribbons. Colours: Cornflower Blue, Putty, Rust, Shrimp, Tabac, Tan, Pale Grey, Peacock, Sèvres, Reseda, Daffodil and Black. Price 21/9



PEDAL HAT
trimmed petersham, in Black, Navy, Rust, Tabac, Nigger and all fashionable shades.

Price 39/6

Please note that Millinery cannot be sent on approval. Orders by post receive prompt and careful attention.

GOOCHS
Ltd

Tube Station: Knightsbridge. BROMPTON RD., LONDON, S.W.3

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Complexion Inspection.

IN the execution of your toilet your complexion should receive your greatest care. Many times during the day it passes under inspection, and either compels admiration and envy or induces slighting comment. It will bear the closest inspection, both of yourself and all about you, if you use Field's Fleur-de-Lys Vanishing Cream consistently.

There is no better way of obtaining a beautiful delicate complexion than by using Field's. It is a non-greasy cream that entirely vanishes by absorption. It tones and nourishes the skin, keeping it velvety soft, supple and white.

Field's
FLEUR-DE-LYS
Vanishing Cream

FIELD'S FLEUR-DE-LYS TOILET PREPARATIONS:
(The Series with the black and gold diamonds).

Vanishing Cream ..	1/3	Bath Crystals ..	2/6
Toilet Cream ..	10/4	Brilliantine (solid) ..	1/3
Face Powder ..	1/9	Shaving Stick ..	1/-
Dental Cream ..	1/3	Cream ..	1/3
Talcum Powder ..	1/3	Toilet Soap (3 tabs.) ..	1/6
Daintily perfumed with Attar of Roses.			

J. C. & J. FIELD, Ltd., London, S.E.1.
Established 1642, in the reign of Charles I.

Pure Silk Milanese UNDERWEAR at Pre-War Prices

During the last year or two Milanese underwear has reached an almost prohibitive price, partly owing to the fact that nearly all of the Milanese underwear sold in this country came from the United States, and, apart from the high prices charged, there was a considerable loss owing to the adverse exchange. The Milanese garment illustrated is made in this country from high-grade reliable silk Milanese, manufactured in England, which is confidently recommended for its strong wearing and washing qualities. The prices quoted speak for themselves.

SILK MILANESE CAMI - KNICKERS
(as sketch), trimmed fancy hemstitching, finished ribbon shoulder straps. In white, pink, mauve, sky, lemon and black.

SPECIAL PRICE

35/9

SILK MILANESE NIGHTDRESS to match 52/6

SILK MILANESE KNICKERS to match 18/9

SILK MILANESE VEST to match 15/9

Catalogue post free.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London, W.1



DERRY & TOMS

Quality & Service

Kensington High Street, W.8

French Model SUITS

In our Coat and Skirt Salon will be found a fascinating array of beautifully embroidered Model Suits. Here is an example:

• Gaby •

French Model Suit in Navy Blue Gabardine, embroidered with beige in a dainty floral design. It has long becoming lines and the coat has open sides and panels of embroidery. The skirt is embroidered at sides to waist. Coat lined throughout Navy Satin.

24½ Gns



"LEVESON"



If baby could choose, it would always be a "LEVESON" Car—built by John Ward. Please write for our Baby Car Book No. 66, and you will understand why.

JOHN WARD Ltd.
26, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.

246, Tottenham Court Road, W.1
35, Piccadilly - - - Manchester.
89, Bold Street - - - Liverpool.

ATTRACTIVE HATS AT MODERATE PRICES.



Becoming HAT in Canvas Straw,
tied with different coloured ribbons.
In many good shades

Price 75/-

MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE
(Debenhams Limited)
Vere Street & Oxford St.,
LONDON, W.1

VALUES IN LADIES' HOSE AND WOVEN UNDERWEAR



An extremely attractive
Knicker of heavy quality
Milanese Silk in pink, white
or black. Per pair 38/9



Specially attractive, fine gauze
Mercerised Lisle Hose. In
tan, white and black. Per pair 4/11

All-wool nigger, grey, mole
and putty Cashmere Hose,
very excellent quality. Per pair 5/11

Kayser make, black Silk Hose,
with lisle feet and tops, ex-
tremely reliable in 12/9
wear. Per pair 12/9

Heavy quality black
and coloured Hose,
silk throughout,
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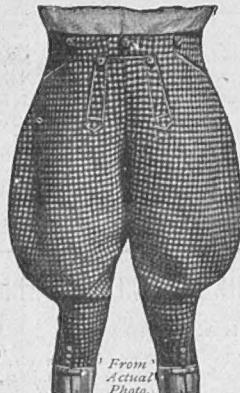
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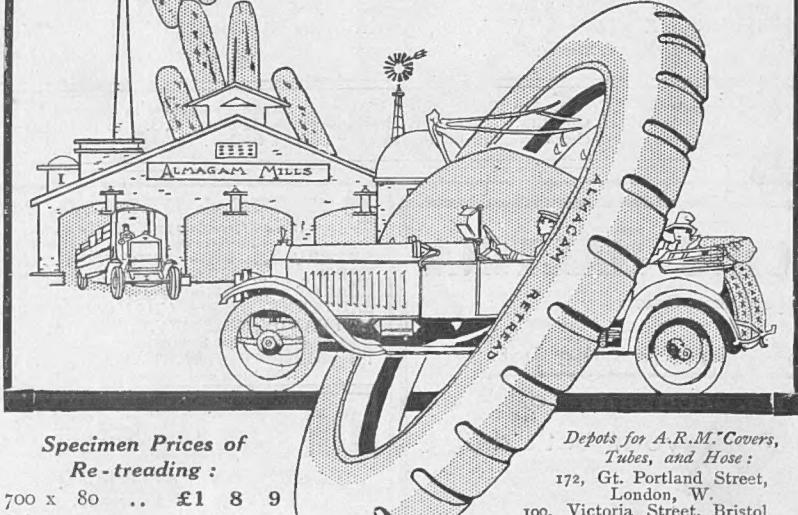
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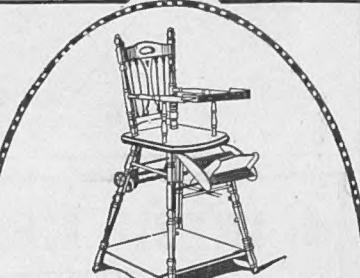
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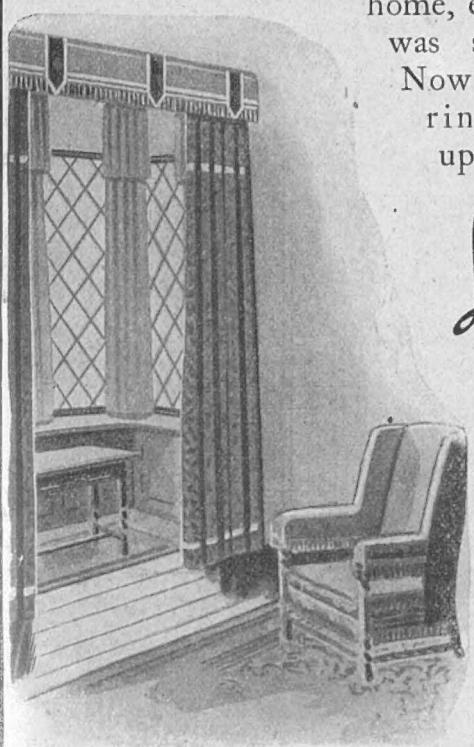
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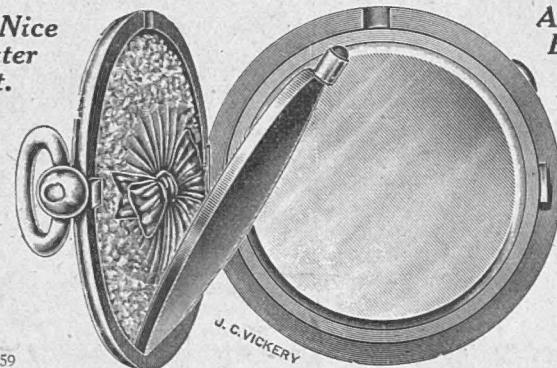


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